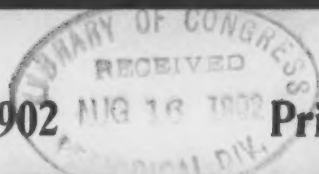


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THE MIRROR

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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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REFLECTIONS.

Mr. Hanna's Sincerity

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA is steadily rising in public esteem. His late utterances about the relations between labor and capital, strikes and arbitration, have been sensible and sympathetic and to the point. There is none of the ambitious politician's "hot air" in his references to the usually high standard of honor maintained by union labor. Nor is he wrong in saying that in most recent strikes the employes had right on their side. Senator Hanna talks straight from the shoulder. His words have that forceful simplicity which always convinces and disarms the critic. His strong faith in arbitration, and his constant advocacy of peaceful relations between the workers at the top and the workers at the bottom of the ladder deserve enthusiastic praise. The Ohio Senator is undoubtedly a staunch and sympathetic friend of labor. He may be a bloated bondholder and plutocrat, and all that sort of thing, but he gives the laboring man and the masses generally better and more sincere advice than most walking delegates or agitators. There are some uncharitable critics who persist in parading Mr. Hanna as a scheming, hypocritical politician, but the unprejudiced public will be disposed to give him the benefit of the doubt, and to believe that the man who was the closest personal friend of William McKinley must have many good and enviable traits of character and ideals infinitely beyond the sordid success of money-getting. There is nothing the matter with the Ohio Senator as a friend of both labor and capital. He is on the right road to achieve popularity. That Mr. Hanna is playing to the labor vote is the assertion probably of men blinded by prejudice. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Hanna is not as sincere in his aspirations to be a real harmonizer of labor and capital as other men are in their publicly voiced ideals. His own workmen have always spoken well of him. One may not like Mr. Hanna's politics, but there's something that radiates from his personality that is gradually winning over the public to a forgetting of the brutal caricatures of Davenport and his imitators. There's a sound ring to his talk on the labor question, and the hypercritical persons who sneer at his philanthropic purposes are advertising their own deficiency of sincerity by attributing a like deficiency to him. These people that suspect everybody are themselves legitimate objects of suspicion. We are very apt to see in the world a predominating quantity of the qualities we bring in our own hearts to the viewing of the spectacle. Mr. Hanna is as honest as the rest of us; perhaps more so, since he has had long and wide experience and must know that the only thing that wins, in the long run, is being on the square. So here's good luck to Mr. Hanna, and may his ambitions, as expressed in his Chautauqua address and in many public interviews, be realized to the fullest gratification of his hope.

A YOUNG man in Kansas has eloped with a female clairvoyant. It must have been a case of love at second sight.

Wise John Ireland

THOSE Catholics who are abusing Archbishop Ireland for advising them to keep out of politics and to trust the Administration in the matter of dealing with the Philippine friars are the Catholics whose conduct almost justifies the existence of A. P. A.-ism. The Catholics have been represented on the commission to deal with the friar question. The church has not been insulted or ignored. What is

good enough to meet the Pope's approval ought to be satisfactory to the bishops and priests who take their orders from him. The Catholics who seem to insist upon the wrongfulness of breaking the friars' political hold, by abolishing their land-holding supremacy, are pleading for union of church and State, and that doctrine or practice cannot for a moment stand as against the conviction of the non-Catholic majority of this country. Such a course will make anti-Catholics of non-Catholics. Archbishop Ireland's advice to his fellow Catholics is the advice of a man wise and prudent, and it is of more value to the future of that creed in this country than all the superheated protests of those who would be more Catholic than the Pope.

MR. BRYAN says he could not refuse a Presidential nomination if tendered him. Mr. Bryan cannot yet be regarded as cured of his habit of candidacy. He still needs more of the gold cure.

A Bible of Flub-Dub

THE Republican campaign text-book is a queer mixture of political buncombe and sophistry. Some of its inconsistencies are grotesquely absurd. There is, for instance, an elaborate sketch of what the Republican party has done, or proposes to do, towards "trust-busting," and the ridiculous assertion is made that "free-trade England is the home of trusts," and then we are favored with an exquisitely specious defense of trusts and monopolies. It is pointed out that investigations conducted by the Department of Labor have shown that trusts have increased wages and the number of persons employed; that "in seven cases out of fourteen, the salaries of traveling salesmen have been raised; that in two they decreased and that they remained the same in one." The allegation is made that "in two cases no traveling salesmen had been employed by the companies entering into the combination, whereas, after the combination had been made, such men were put to work." The party's attitude on the trust question may be summed up in the following manner: "All trusts are bad, but most of them are entitled to our protection. As all trusts are bad, and as all of them ought to be destroyed, we prefer not to do anything at all." Such a syllogism may be very deficient in logical consecutivity, but it has been endorsed by the Republican leaders, and will furnish the theme of inspiration for campaign spell-binders. The book is also embellished with a "classical article" on the "Man With the Hoe." Of course, the "Man With the Hoe" must not be overlooked in political literature. The ingenious author starts out with the *ex cathedra* assertion that the "Man With the Hoe is the man with the dough," and then launches into a laborious presentation of the untold benefits which the American agriculturist has received at the hands of the Republicans. The tremendous wheat, corn and cotton crops, we are given to infer, are all the outgrowth of protection. Without a high tariff, American fields would refuse to produce anything, and the clouds would refuse to send down rain. How and where protection benefits the American farmer, is not specifically explained. Neither is there any reference to particular countries which are anxious to ruin the American farmer by sending over their wheat, corn or cotton. The Republican Congressional Committee must have a very uncomplimentary opinion of the intelligence of American agriculturists, if it really believes, that they can be bamboozled with such time-worn political fallacies. A school-boy of normal intelligence would fail to see any connection between protection and growing corn or potato crops. One might as well try to prove that the gold standard has a bearing on the law of gravitation. The Republi-

can text-book may be recommended to true lovers of fiction. For skillful political dodging, somersaulting and juggling it is incomparable. Its reasoning would have turned an Athenian green with envy. It is based on the assumption that there is absolutely nothing to criticise in the United States; that everybody ought to be satisfied, even if he is not; that everybody is prosperous, even if he does not know it. Protection is regarded as the sublimest conception of statesmanship. It is responsible for the growth of crops, the discovery of mines, the increase in population, and the making of inventions. There is only one god, and that is Protection, and Chairman Babcock is its prophet, and the prophet blows hot and cold in the same breath, talks with a delphianism that would daze Delphos itself, and—well, the protected industries will "cough up" the funds. If only there were a Democratic party to attack the Great Sham. If only there were a Democratic leader, not even the popularity and un-Republicanism of Roosevelt could save the Republican party from defeat next November.

CLEVELAND Democrats are talking up Edward M. Shepherd as a Presidential possibility. Strange to say, they are making much of the fact that Mr. Bryan has spoken kindly of Mr. Shepherd. Four years ago, any man who incurred a kind word from Mr. Bryan would have been ostracised by the New York friends of Mr. Cleveland. Nevertheless, Mr. Shepherd is a high type of man and one worthy of support as a forlorn hope of a sadly disorganized party.

Electric Trains

AFTER experimenting for months, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company has decided to use electricity on all trains within a radius of thirty miles of the City of New York. An official of the company is quoted as saying that the company has become convinced of the practicability of this substitution in motive power, that the total outlay would amount to \$10,000,000, and that the first installation will be 100,000 horse power. For the present, it is not intended to extend the change over the entire system, for the reason that the expenditure involved would be so enormous as to more than offset all possible economies. The step taken by this great railroad system caused considerable surprise, after the announcement, recently made, that the German government had abandoned its plans for a substitution of electricity for steam on all its railroad lines. The Germans had been experimenting for a long time and achieved considerable success in speed tests, but finally arrived at the conclusion that the contemplated change would be too costly to be undertaken at present. It seems that the New York Central entertains somewhat different views regarding electricity as a motive power. Last year, the officials of the company announced that they could not undertake any change in motive power for many years to come, but now they are ready to substitute electricity, not only for their suburban and tunnel, but also for their through traffic. They also agree to remove every grade crossing within the city limits. After the contemplated changes have been made, New York City will be freed from a great deal of the smoke and noise nuisance, and tunnel accidents will become well-nigh impossible. There can be no question that electricity will, sooner or later, be the exclusive motive power on all the railroads of the country. There will be so many improvements and perfections that the expenditures connected with a substitution of electricity for steam will be much smaller than they would be at the present time. Labor organizations are said to be disturbed by the introduction of electricity on the Manhattan Elevated system of New York, and by the decision taken by the New York Central. Locomotive engineers are asking themselves whether the advance of the new motive power and the gradual displacement of the locomotive engineer is to reduce the latter's standing "from that of the best-paid of skilled mechanics to that of the motorman, who is given ten dollars a week?" Labor leaders, it is alleged, are beginning to realize that this im-

portant question might as well be settled now as at any other time. To an impartial observer, it looks as though locomotive engineers were endeavoring to make much ado about nothing. If steam is to be displaced by electricity, there is no special valid reason why wages of engineers should be reduced. An engineer running an electrically-propelled railroad-train would have to possess more skill and efficiency than a street-car motorman, or, perhaps, a steam engineer. There is no need to borrow trouble on this question. When it comes up in tangible shape, it will be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. There is a prospect that the motor engineer will, in the end, be better off and better-paid than the steam-engineer. It would be a good thing if the St. Louis Terminal Railway Association would take up the electric motor project. If it did so, there would be no particular necessity for abandoning the tunnel.

RUSSELL SAGE says the young men of to-day take too many holidays. That is not quite true. But men work harder when they do work, and the loafing is necessary to enable them to do it. There can't be too many holidays for people who do their best every minute of the days they work.

Preaching the True Faith

ABRAM S. HEWITT is one of the most progressive and most optimistic Americans. In spite of his four score years, he maintains an unflagging interest in political, financial and economic affairs. He continues his contributions to newspapers and magazines, and displays a confidence in the stability and glorious future of his country that is almost boyishly enthusiastic. The other day, on the eightieth anniversary of his birth, he was interviewed by a New York reporter, and gave his opinion on things in general. Mr. Hewitt does not care to hark back to the "good, old days." He lives in and enjoys the living present. He is fully convinced that the world is growing better right along. "The general tendency of the age," he says, "is in the right direction, and it cannot be arrested by a few temporary violations of sound statesmanship." This octogenarian optimist fears neither Imperialism, nor Capitalism, nor Socialism. His long years of active life have taught him that pessimism, calamity-howling and trouble-borrowing are "stale, flat and unprofitable." Mr. Hewitt has acquired that cheerful, consoling philosophy of life which ignores chimeras, and fastens its eye on realities. He rejoices in conditions as they are, because they contain in themselves the germination of better conditions. He believes in active participation in the affairs of the world. Let every man do his mite, he says, and everything will be well. Trusts and monopolies have no terrors for Mr. Hewitt. He thinks they will facilitate our efforts to conquer nature, and increase the sum total of human happiness. Such confidence and optimism is really refreshing in this age of multiplying critics and cavillers. Mr. Hewitt furnishes the right kind of inspiration for American youth. His interview should be generally circulated throughout the country. It would do much to counteract the blather of some politicians and reformers concerning the state of the Nation. For instance, Mr. Hewitt says that it is the equal right of employers and employees to make combinations among themselves, respectively, or with each other. Neither party has the right to coerce the other into submission. "The claim of any body of men that under any circumstances they have the right to stop the operations of business by the issue of an order, in the name of organized labor or associated capital, cannot be tolerated." For all combinations, both of capital and of labor, "it is manifest that the right method of settlement of differences involves publicity as to the profits of business. Publicity, inspection and discussion are the great safeguards which the public can apply in order to correct abuses and avoid conflicts and disastrous losses. As to the outlook for the workers, Mr. Hewitt believes that a new era is opening, when every intelligent worker will insist upon being an owner, and every well managed corporation will see that its workmen are directly

interested in the results of business. "To effect this desirable end no compulsory legislation and no addition to the powers of corporations are needed." This line of argument leads Mr. Hewitt to the following conclusions: The industrial world has been steadily moving during the present century in the right direction for the welfare of mankind. It is not necessary to invoke any new principles of government or to begin any revolution in order that capital and labor may be associated together in peace and harmony. The time is approaching when capitalists and laborers will more and more be joint owners in the instruments of production. Workmen will, to a large extent, become their own employers. The invasion of Government into the domain of industry must be met with uncompromising opposition. The proper functions of government are supervision, regulation and adjudication. All this is the true American doctrine that has made us what we are. It is the faith of the fathers. It is the true faith, and the men who lead the people away from it are heretics and schismatics, whether they be the Populistic Mr. William Jennings Bryan or the equally Populistic Mr. Babcock of the Republican Congressional committee.

SOME people are growling about the un-Americanism of the various gentlemen who have accepted decorations for their services in entertaining Prince Henry of Prussia. They waste their breath. The decorations are simple compliments and involve no titles of honor. It is perfectly proper to have fun with the decorated persons, but there is no cause to accuse them of doing anything inconsistent with American citizenship. We must not take these little things too seriously.

How to Help Clean Up

ST. LOUIS' cleaning up crusade is the right thing. But it must not exhaust itself in talk and newspaper articles and pictures. The city cannot be cleaned up in a spurt. The work must be gone about systematically and steadily. Begun too sensationally, it is likely to fizzle out in a short time. The way to have the work done is to make it possible for some organization to devote itself to seeing that there is no let up in the present activity. Why do not citizens who want a clean, beautiful city join the Civic Improvement League that, with the funds accumulated from members, will prosecute the work of cleaning up or of seeing that others clean up systematically. Send your name and \$2 annual dues to the Civic Improvement League. Enough names and \$2 payments will insure the success of the movement for cleanliness. The League carries on a campaign of education by means of its *Bulletin*, and it will also carry on an aggressive campaign of prosecution against violators of the ordinances designed to keep clean the streets, alleys and vacant lots. Join the league and contribute the small dues to its treasury and the officers of that organization will see that there is no let up by officials in enforcement of the law.

It is about 'steen weeks since General Miles has been insulted or humiliated by anybody. The country wonders how the General can stand it for so long.

Model Tenements

NEW YORKERS are beginning to consider the great question of the housing of the poor. The papers are taking up the matter. The *Times* tells, with much elaboration of detail, of the organization of big companies, with many millions of capital, that propose to buy large tracts of real estate, for the purpose of putting up excellent tenement buildings providing all the essentials of health and comfort at a low cost. These essentials, we are informed, "are light, ventilation, cleanliness. On an entire block light can be readily secured from the outside on the surrounding streets and from a court inside as spacious as the tract itself, and the same is true of air. This can be done without sacrificing rentable space. Cleanliness can be obtained by ample supply of water, by central arrangements

for laundry work, for baths and for storage. Heat for cooking, as well as for comfort, can be supplied from a common plant, at a cost per unit of requirement much below that of the present arrangement possible in small houses. Not this alone. Elevators can be supplied, not merely without extravagant cost, but with economy. The interior court, besides assuring light and air, can be made a garden, in which the invincible taste for beauty so often manifested in the pathetic window plants can be fostered." The same paper predicts that, as a result of steps lately taken, the people of Manhattan Island will, within a decade or so, be able, for rent no higher than they now pay, to secure dwellings as comfortable, healthy, convenient and cleanly as the average single house of ten years ago, and even more so. This building reform movement seems to be spreading all over the large cities of the East. People of ultra-conservative opinion are growing enthusiastic about it, and nobody seems to have any doubt that it will lead to highly gratifying results. It is a movement that is unusually interesting, and deserves encouragement. Let us hope that it will, before a great while, strike St. Louis. There are wide tracts in St. Louis where the conditions of living are horrible in the extreme. This matter of model housing for the poor should be taken up now that the city is stirred into a crusade for cleanliness.

THE reporters at Oyster Bay are leading such a strenuous life that their dispatches already show parietic symptoms. The Monday morning papers contained the announcement that Mrs. Roosevelt appeared in public, wearing a blue sunbonnet for the crowning of her costume.

Our Fuss With the Russ

RUSSIA seems to be fast becoming the *bete noire* of United States Treasury officials. And all on account of bounty-payments on beet-sugar raised in the Russian empire. Under our "statesmanlike" tariff provisions, the Washington authorities were compelled to discriminate against foreign sugar on which bounty is paid. The whole question is now pending in the United States Supreme Court, but it will be many months before a decision will be handed down, and, in the meanwhile, the tariff war goes merrily on. The funny feature of the *imbroglio* is, that Russian sugar exports to the United States are hardly worth talking about. Yet, according to the principles of our protectionist friends, they had to be shut out, for fear that they might ruin our "infant" beet-sugar industry. We have to protect this "promising infant" and the few million dollars of capital involved, even if it launches the country into a tariff war with the whole world, and causes us to lose a most valuable part of our foreign trade. "Protection or bust," exclaims the high-tariff man. There may be consistency in all this, but there is mighty little profit in it. American manufacturers of agricultural implements have been badly hit by this "fuss" about bounty-fed sugar, and are filing their complaints at the State Department. The Russian government protested at the time the controversy arose that our view of it was utterly wrong, and that the payments on Russian sugar could not be regarded as constituting a bounty. The Washington authorities, however, did not pay any attention to protests and explanations. They refused to give the Czar's government the benefit of the doubt and to refrain from taking drastic steps until the Supreme Court had rendered its opinion in the premises. They thereby held the Czar and his advisers up to the eyes of the world as prevaricators and dodgers, as men whose explanations were entitled to no respect or consideration. They could have well afforded to wait and leave matters in *statu quo*, pending a final and authoritative settlement. But, no, they must needs resort to vulgar "bluffing" and an indecent haste in a game that is not worth the candle. Could there be anything more absurd and provoking than the proclivity of the protectionist to interfere with the domestic policies of a foreign government? Have we any right to dictate to Russia what she should do

or not do about bounty-payments? American discrimination against bounty-fed sugar cannot be regarded as anything else but an unwarranted interference with the domestic policies of foreign countries, and an effort to prevent them from protecting their own producing interests. How can it, therefore, surprise or anger us, when European governments are retaliating in kind, paying us back in our own coin? They have as much right to protect themselves as we have, and to show resentment when we are only too willing to strain a point and adopt an attitude that deviates from correct and polite statesmanship. The "fuss" with Russia is disgraceful, although it is but an inevitable outcome of our Dingley tariff monstrosities. Protection is inimical to international comity and peace. It breeds strife and resentment. It is bigoted and narrow-minded, and foolish enough to be prepared to lose \$50,000,000 on one side while gaining \$5,000,000 on the other.

Practical Philanthropy

THE Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company is planning to have its employees instructed in medicine and surgery, so as to enable them to render prompt and effective service to the injured in cases of accidents and wrecks. This is a good step in the right direction. Prompt and intelligent service is what is needed whenever railroad accidents occur. Many a life could be saved, and a good deal of intense and unnecessary suffering could be alleviated or avoided, if railway employees were properly instructed and had an intelligent idea of how and where to render the best relief. It generally takes too long to secure professional medical and surgical assistance. Before the arrival of doctors, intelligent employees could give their effective attention to the preliminary dressing of wounds and to the relief of suffering, and thereby diminish to some extent the frightful horrors of many wrecks. Considering the fact that during the year 1900, 549 passengers and employees were killed and 4,197 injured in railroad accidents, transportation systems should find it to their interest to do something along the line of reform initiated by the Chicago & Northwestern. The uttermost promptitude in medical and surgical attention is required when a wreck occurs. If train crews are instructed in the rudiments of "first aid to the injured" the good result will soon be noticed in the accounts of railroad disasters. Such instruction will be the greatest advance in the mitigation of the frightful suffering of railway wrecks since the abolition of the car-stove. The voluntary action of a great railroad, along such lines as this, makes one "take back" the assertion that "corporations have no souls."

KING EDWARD has been crowned and Outlaw Harry Tracy has been removed by himself, and Pierpont Morgan hasn't bought a continent in ten days, and Mary MacLane is swallowed up in oblivion. 'Twould be a dull world, indeed, but for the daily grist of rescues of and by beautiful female bathers at the seaside resorts.

The Wasteful Farmer

"JIM" HILL has been unusually loquacious in the last few months. His words are listened to with close attention. Once in a while, he is disposed to talk through his hat, but he did not commit that offence when he gave Northwestern farmers a plain talk, the other day, about what they should do to make agriculture profitable. He said, *inter alia*: "You want a new market. You must make more people use your stuff. Statesmen will tell you how to do this, but they get a consideration for doing so. I cannot find in public acts one intelligent thing that you have done to get new markets. I do not know any place where you have not been left to shift for yourselves as farmers. You have crops that keep you busy four months in the year. You want to do something the rest of the time besides whittling, or holding down a nail-keg. What you should do is raise stock, roots and forage. There is nothing better than raising stock." This is the right sort of advice. Hill knows perfectly well wherein the American

farmer is most behind the times and its requirements. He knows that what is needed to enhance the profits of agriculture is diversification and an intelligent study of markets. The farmer has ample opportunity to keep informed about the world's requirements, about crop failures in foreign countries, or in particular sections of his own country. All such information is highly useful and deserves, therefore, to be carefully studied. The more crops are diversified, the more will farm-land appreciate, and the less danger will there be of overproduction of certain staples and demoralization of prices. But there is something else that requires notice in a discussion of means for increasing agricultural profits. And that is the gross carelessness and indifference with which farmers allow valuable machinery and farm implements to stand, year in and year out, in the same old place, and to rust and rot. Persons traveling over the country will frequently notice costly threshing-machines standing idle in fence-corners, or close to huge piles of rotting straw, or plowing-machines left standing in an uncompleted furrow, where wind and weather play havoc with them. It is often the case that farm machinery, purchased on "time," has rusted and rotted away long before the last note has been paid. Such disregard of ordinary care is highly culpable and generally very expensive. There are some other directions in which the American farmer shows a deplorable lack of attention to details, which are, apparently, of little importance, but which, if attended to at the proper time, would save him a good many dollars and cents in the end. If he would farm with the care that the foreign farmer bestows upon his land this country would feed the world and have a world of food to spare.

Compulsory Insurance

EUROPEAN governments are evidently determined to take the wind out of Socialistic sails. They are mapping out an interesting programme for the betterment of the economic condition of the masses. Compulsory insurance seems to be particularly popular. It has proved such a success in Germany that other countries are planning to adopt and try it. The small Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg has recently passed a law providing for the introduction of this kind of insurance. Nearly all classes of wage-earning people are to be its beneficiaries. It provides that two-thirds of the expense of insurance shall, as a rule, be borne by employees, and one-third by employers. The larger the risk involved in employment, the larger the insurance assessments are to be, but in no case is the amount to be paid at the start by the workman to exceed two per cent of his average daily wages. Subsequently, however, the amount may be raised to 3 per cent, but not more. One clause of the law provides that the employer shall be forced to make good any deficiency, whenever the nature of work in this factory involves special risk to health. There are various great corporations in the United States which have established insurance among their employees, but the benefits of their insurance are forfeited as soon as the employee quits service. The Luxemburg law is decidedly more liberal in this respect, as it permits the wage-earner to change employers as often as he likes without a forfeiture of his insurance. The compulsory insurance movement is one that appeals more forcibly than most so-called Socialistic projects to American common sense, but it is doubtful if, with all its apparent charm, it will catch on with the people of this country. The American wage-earner will not stand for such a thing to any great extent. He doesn't want to be under obligations to his employer. All he wants is good pay for his work and then, if he feels like it, he will insure himself. If he loses his health or is injured in the service of his employer, he has recourse in the courts. Employers' liability insurance is popular just now, certain companies protecting employees from the consequence of injury to their employees. Accident insurance for anyone is cheap in this country, and it will be cheaper, and the working man will take advantage of it more generally as time goes by. It is extremely doubtful if govern-

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mental interference would provide better insurance than the workingman can get now in numerous companies issuing policies as low as twenty-five cents per week. The American workingman, and that means all Americans, is strongly opposed to anything "compulsory." He may, some day, accept compulsory education, compulsory vaccination, compulsory arbitration and, eventually, compulsory insurance, but that day is far off, as yet.

Cheaper Automobiles

SOME time ago, Thos. A. Edison unbosomed himself of the declaration that he was going to invent something in the shape of a battery that would knock the price of an automobile down to \$150. There are quite a number of persons who believe that the American inventor had one of his periodical fits of self-advertising prophecy, and that the only result of his words will be great damage to the automobile industry, which is already in a precarious condition. A manufacturer correspondent writes, in the August number of the *Automobile Magazine*, that the Edisonian outburst has instilled the idea into the public mind that the prices are too high, and that the promised Edison battery will eventually reduce them very materially; that the present state of the industry is such that it has become necessary to enlighten the public mind on the subject, and to restore confidence in automobiles of honest manufacture at fair prices, and that a first-class electrically-propelled vehicle cannot be manufactured and sold, at the present time, for much less than \$900. Cheaper makes are crude experiments and bad investments. Yet, in spite of all this, it is reasonable to expect that automobile prices will be much lower ten years hence. They will have to undergo the same evolution undergone by bicycle prices. The constant progress in invention tends towards a cheapening of production. So much can be plainly seen from the results of industrial development in the last twenty years. Occasional reactions from the downward tendency do not disprove statistics. There can be little doubt that Edison's prediction of an \$150 automobile will be realized before we are many years older.

Anguish in Utopia

CONDITIONS in the Australian colonies are said to have become very serious. The drought, which has prevailed for many years, has played havoc with agriculture and mining industry. Millions of sheep are dying, and thousands of farms are being deserted. The interior of the country is said to be a ghastly, parched desert. Even rabbits, which were a curse to the country, are succumbing to the drought. Miners are unable to develop their properties, owing to lack of water, and it is expected that the output of gold will be materially reduced as a result. The tax-paying power of the people has been impaired by the misfortune of years, and propositions for a reduction of Government expenditures are being discussed. The finances of the colonies are in very bad shape. The population of Australia is now about 3,800,000, while the public indebtedness amounts to the huge total of almost \$1,000,000,000. How to meet annual interest charges has become a difficult problem. The financial distress has become such that the Governor General wishes to resign, because the Confederation cannot pay him enough salary. Like many other new countries, Australia has been drawing too many drafts on the future, and living too high. There has been too much premature booming, too much mortgaging of air-castles. The people have to suffer the consequences, now that the unprecedented drought has shattered their dreams. In view of such conditions, it is no wonder that the representatives of Australia and New Zealand have not taken kindly to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's plans of a Federated empire and *Zollverein*. The Australians and New Zealanders are not in shape to submit to an increase in their financial burdens and to contribute large sums to imperial defence. They have troubles of their own. With them, charity begins at home. New Zealand, the Utopia of Socialists and Single-Taxers, has been as

extravagant as the other colonies. Her population of 770,000 is saddled with a public debt of \$250,000,000. These antipodeans seem to have had a bad prosperity-jag. Their *katzenjammer* is exceedingly painful and uncomfortable. Their palate has become unused to such "dry-spells" as they now experience. The Utopians are, after all, no better and no wiser than others. Human nature is everywhere the same. When men try to coerce themselves into happiness and prosperity by law, they invariably come to grief. Nature does nothing by leaps. Endeavors to create ideal communities, by forcing human nature into law-made grooves, always result in failure.

The Pacific Cable

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has authorized Attorney-General Knox to enter into a contract with the Pacific Commercial Cable Company for the laying of a cable between San Francisco and Manila, with stations at Honolulu, Guam and some Chinese port. Among the conditions imposed by the President is one which reads that "the United States shall at all times have the right to purchase the cable lines, property and effects of the said company at an appraised value to be ascertained by disinterested persons." This clause paves the way for eventual ownership of the new cable by the Government. The construction of telegraphic connection with our Asiatic possessions had become imperative. It was rather humiliating for us to have to use the British cable lines in communicating with Manila. The constant and rapid growth of our Asiatic trade will make this new enterprise a paying investment from the very start. The fact that President Roosevelt characteristically took the bull by the horns so suddenly suggests that he had thoroughly informed himself upon the subject, which is probable, as he counts electricity one of his numerous hobbies, and become convinced that it would be useless to await a perfection of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, as had been suggested. The other day, Lord Kelvin, the foremost, living British scientist, declared that the future of cable companies would not be jeopardized by wireless telegraphy. His words deserve attention, because it is known that he has thoroughly investigated both the cable and Marconi systems. At any rate, there seems to be a dwindling of enthusiasm about the Italian's discovery at the present time, and less faith in the probability that it will soon be perfected to such an extent as to permit of its practical utilization as a means of telegraphic communication for distances of more than 1,500 miles. Marconi, by the way, has lost standing since Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, of London, has shown conclusively that Marconi practically stole another man's idea in his experiments and upon those stolen ideas secured his valuable patent rights.

Concerning a Man

THE MIRROR, which has occasionally "chortled" critically and "burbled" ironically over the extreme masterfulness of Mr. W. H. Thompson, treasurer of the World's Fair, rejoices at that gentleman's recovery from an illness that wore a dangerous aspect a few days ago. Bossy, Dr. Johnsonesque, bluff and rugged though he be, nevertheless he, whom we have irreverently dubbed "Red Bill," is a Grand Old Man. He has much velvet under his steel, much kindness under his gruffness, and his Grant-like doggedness of determination to carry through the Fair project was the only thing that fought off failure when the suaver men in the movement were almost disheartened. There is no doubt that he is a powerful, wise, clear-seeing man. There is no doubt, either, that he is one who gives play in the proper place to the finer, gentler qualities in such fashion as to win the affection even of those over whom he seems, at times, to ride rough-shod. He is the courage and strength of the Fair movement and amenable to reason that is reasonable, at all times. His humor mitigates his grimness, as when he said, the other day, to the World's Fair Executive Committee: "I notice when you fellows want to do anything you go ahead and do it, but

when you want to turn anything down you put it up to the old man." There may be occasion to criticise such a man, but there is no excuse for failure to respect and admire him while doing so. The MIRROR is heartily glad to learn of his improvement in health and gladder still to say that, while it may continue to speak sooth of disapproval of some World's Fair methods, it does so with no intention of depreciating the moral worth, the high intent, the fine personal merit of Mr. W. H. Thompson, or, in fact, of any other person conspicuous by reason of service in the World's Fair enterprise. The World's Fair will be a big success. The men the MIRROR criticises will make that success, for criticism never yet hurt a strong, square man, and, if honestly meant, is welcomed by him as a help to get the proper perspective on himself and his performances.

Venezuela

It looks something like a concert of the Powers, on a small scale, down in Venezuela. If the Nations may step in and put down disorder in China, why not in South America? There is more continuous disorder in South America than in China. The day is coming when South American trade will be of enormous importance and revolutionary unsettlement of conditions will affect the interests of the world enough to demand a suppression of the disturbers. The United States will have to maintain peace in South America, since our Monroe Doctrine bars out other peace-makers, or other Powers will intervene. There is no escaping the logic of events which is slowly forcing this country to eventual suzerainty of the South American States.

Genius and Sincerity

THE whole country warms to the appointment of Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and himself a man of high attainments, to the United States Supreme Bench. The appointment is eminently good, eminently Rooseveltian. Even more delectably Rooseveltian, and satisfactory to all the friends of better toned politics is the announcement that Robert Martin Douglass, of North Carolina, is to be appointed Judge of the Court of Claims. Robert Martin Douglass is a son of Stephen A. Douglass, "the Little Giant," Lincoln's rival for the Presidency, the man who sacrificed his party for his patriotism, saying, "no man can be my personal friend and at the same time my country's enemy." Both men are of the aristocracy, so called, but of the aristocracy of talent as well. They splendidly typify the best there is of North and South. They are very much more than sons of their fathers. They are of the Roosevelt class of modern American gentlemen in politics. Such selections for office show, not only President Roosevelt's sincerity of purpose to make politics better, but they proclaim that the sincerity is backed by positive genius.

Beauty and Business

THERE is no inherent necessary antagonism between the art spirit and the commercial spirit. They may complement and support one another, and they do when the right men find themselves in position to utilize both. The Mercantile Trust Company's new building, in this city, is a classical gem of architecture. It has both strength and grace of outline and proportion. It has the fine tone of serene power and so bespeaks, poetically, the financial soundness of its occupant company. Though not altitudinous, it dwarfs to littleness the average sky-scraper, by the content of its artistic form. It makes one think of Athens—of "the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome," and one's æsthetic memories are not deharmonized by the fact that the classical style has been made to consist thoroughly with the necessities of a great financial concern. In erecting such a structure, with its revivification of the spirit that found expression in the temple of the Acropolis, the Mercantile Trust Company has testified that its commer-

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GARDEN SONG.

BY EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD.

THE passion vine clings to the wall,
But the wall is cold; it does not care
For the passion vine.
And the weeping willow loves the flare
Of the sunflower, standing straight and tall
Beside the wall.
But the sunflower's passion for the sun
Is known to everyone. *From Out West.*

THE BEAUMONT OIL BOOM.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

SO much "gush" has been written about the Beaumont oil-fields of Texas, that a few truthfully sane paragraphs about the new industry may not be out of place at this time. And the Texas oil industry is new, for it is little more than a year since the Lucas gusher "came in" spouting a black plume of oil two-hundred feet in the air, and for ten days deluging the surrounding marshes of Spindle Top heights with nearly three-quarters of a million barrels of crude petroleum.

Not even the flamboyant stories of gold-finding in the Klondike got the newspaper space or attracted the excited public attention which the Beaumont oil strike won within a day after that sensational phenomenon. Within six months the population of the little lumber town of Beaumont jumped from 7,000 to more than 20,000. Every acre of purchasable land within a radius of forty miles was bought or held in option by the thousands of speculators, boomers and opportunists who flocked to the lowlands of the Neches river. There were some oil-experts in the crowd. They wanted to analyze the oil, they "had to be shown," they doubted; but the vast majority of the incomers were promoters, who didn't care whether the oil was marketable, or whether fuel or luminant, or whether it was in vast and accessible quantities, or whether it could be shipped at a profit. They knew that somebody, somehow, had "struck oil," that the newspapers all over the country were full of the astonishing accounts of the gusher and half-page pictures of a fountain shooting a hundred thousand gallons of oil high into the air every hour. That was enough for them. They began at once to organize stock companies, and to cash on the free advertising which the press of the world was giving the Beaumont oil fields.

Meanwhile, other wells, mostly owned or controlled by the same practical men who developed the Lucas gusher, were bored and "brought in." As each gusher shot its wealth of crude petroleum skyward, it was capped and confined, and another begun. The pressure in each succeeding gusher seemed to rival its predecessor in volume and intensity. When ten great wells had been consecutively developed, the statisticians of the newspapers began to figure that if one well would spout at the rate of 70,000 barrels of oil a day, ten would yield seven hundred thousand in the same time, without any additional impetus beyond the incalculable forces hidden in the earth. Every time a new well was projected or begun the statisticians added another 70,000 barrels to the daily "possibilities" of the Beaumont fields, until it became quite clear that the whole problem of replacing the denuded forests, of lighting, heating and lubricating the world for an eternity of time, had been easily solved by the Beaumont gushers.

And here is the place to record positively and authoritatively that the quality of Beaumont oil is all and more than its discoverers first claimed for it. Different in every way from the Pennsylvania oil, which has a paraffine base, its asphaltum foundation, carbons held in suspension and content of pure petroleum, have proved to the satisfaction of both chemists and experts that the Beaumont oil is not only an ideal fuel, but that its by-products of asphalt, fuel-bricquettes and pure illuminating oil, make it a highly profitable subject for refinement. The oil is, then, a success. Already the Santa Fe, the Southern Pacific and

other railroads are equipping their engines with furnace burners. They use the oil just as it comes from the wells and admit that it gives more heat at considerably less cost than either coal or wood.

Upon the few established facts set briefly here, hundreds of companies, whose chief assets were reams of bravely printed paper, strips of remote and worthless ground, and unlimited "gall," were incorporated and began to advertise their stocks. Millions of dollars' worth of this truck has been marketed at prices ranging from ten cents to ten dollars a share and millions more will be poured, by gullible people all over the world, into the hands of these wild-cat promoters. The bona-fide business men of Beaumont, organized and led by Mr. A. D. Childress, a banker and merchant of high standing and positive integrity, have organized an oil exchange, with headquarters in the oil city, for the purpose of curbing and defining the scope and character of the innumerable "enterprises," which have been foisted upon the country through fake advertisements, hot-air newspaper stories and lying pictures, but their sphere of influence is necessarily limited and the business of "sticking" the public with bogus oil stock goes merrily on.

Having admitted the value of the Beaumont oil and taking for granted the reasonable permanence and extent of the subterranean lake, it may seem that the bombastic prospectuses of most, if not all, of these mushroom companies are justifiable. This is no place to discuss the merits of so long a catalogue of oil properties, but there are a few salient and suggestive truths which, I think, become more pertinent, more significant and most impressive by a brief, bald statement.

The first singular fact that impressed me, the other day, when I drove out into the Beaumont oil-fields was that the whole area of proved oil lands is less than 160 acres! This small tract contains all of the real gushers, or rather it contains all the wells which *did* gush when they first came in. As a matter of pertinent information it is well to say here that a large majority of those wells which are listed as "paying properties" never gushed, but required pumping almost from the start.

An oil expert and chemist of established repute, who is now at Beaumont, and whose salary, by the way, is paid by the Standard Oil Company, assures me that if the ten or a dozen so-called gushers were now uncapped simultaneously they would not gush, although one or two, which are most favorably situated, might flow at the rate of a few hundred barrels daily without pumping, and might keep up this natural discharge for a few days.

"This," explains my friend, the expert, "does not mean that the subterranean supply of oil here is any less now than it was when the Lucas gusher first came in, but it does mean that the confined pressure, whether of gas or gravity, which caused the first unparalleled geysers of oil, has been relieved by the additional vents since made by wells. To-day there is not a single genuine gusher on Spindle Top and every new, deep well that is bored in the vicinity diminishes the natural pressure and makes pumping more necessary. I have seen it stated, with scientific arguments, that the cause of the diminished natural pressure in these wells, is the seismic and volcanic disturbances that have taken place within the past few months, but I do not believe this explanation. The most reasonable explanation is, that the wells have relieved the pressure. Another influence, which has been overlooked by amateurs and concealed by wild-cat promoters, is that a number of dry-wells have penetrated the gas fissures in the earth and let out quantities of gas without yielding any oil. These non-flowing apertures in themselves are sufficient to take all the gush out of the gushers, and while they may never earn a dollar in themselves they will force the rest of us to pump for a living."

The owners of proved and developed oil wells at Beaumont are very few, very rich and very well-satisfied with the outlook. It is as hard and as expensive to "break into" one of them as it is difficult and costly to buy into any great dividend-paying enterprise. They are not advertising their stock nor running quarter-page boosts in

cialism recognizes Beauty as Beauty, and finds in it even a cash value, an asset of a great business. The company has done a splendid thing for New St. Louis in giving the people something fair and aesthetically inspiring to look upon. It has done, in a greater degree, what other such concerns and some of the local banks have done to encourage a taste for the beautiful in building by presenting to the public great examples of architectonic harmony. This work is nobly educational. It is work for the whole community's benefit, even while glorifying the company's financial strength. The men who have built the temple to the delight of every eye that beholds it are to be thanked for their fine turning aside from the ever-present temptation, in this country, to make a business building hideously practical. They proclaim the arrival of the time when culture has recognition as being neither above nor below the appreciation of the American who knows how to make money.



Not This Year

MISSOURI'S chances of going Republican this year grow steadily slimmer. The alliance between Populistic demagogues, Democratic lobbyist malcontents and Republican vote-buyers is too plainly declared in the opposition to Governor Dockery's Democratic administration. The people of Missouri cannot be fooled by a combine of Socialists and plutocrats. They will not throw down Governor Dockery to help the Populists send a Republican millionaire to the United States Senate. The Populists won't stand for such a stultifying sell-out of their principles. The Republicans won't stand for such a dicker with the men who say or think that property is theft. The Democrats will look at Governor Dockery: then they will see that his chief enemy and organizer of the revolt against him is the boss lobbyist of the State, a Democrat lobbying now to elect a Republican Senator, a corporation corruptionist fraternizing with rabid anti-corporationists, a legislative fine worker tied up with weird reformers, who are working for the interests they profess to desire to destroy. Such a hybrid opposition commands no one's respect or confidence. Its only reason for existence is boodle. It is cemented together, essentially, by dishonesty. The people will rally to the support of Governor Dockery against such a brazen dicker and deal. Aside from its being immoral and against public policy, the combine's "work is coarse." Missourians can see through it clearly. Many might wish that the State would go Republican for a change, but never that it would be turned over to Lobbyist Phelps, Pseudo-Anarchist Meriwether and Richard Croesus Kerens. Dockery looms up bigger and better the more he is contrasted with his enemies in this fight. The people are ready to say, "they love him," if for no other reason, "for the enemies he has made." The Republicans of Missouri have thrown away their chance of success, in the first place, by making such an alliance as they have made, and, in the second place, by making it so clumsily as to expose its ignominious terms to the popular gaze.



O TRUTH!

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

"I WANT nothing, nothing but you, O Truth!
Give yourself to me—my arms are wide open.
Drive away the illusions that tremble at your approach.

I do not care how you may look to my distorted eyes.
After my long debauch with these phantasms I may find
you uncomely—but you are comely—you only are comely.

Deep down within me—deeper than I dream of, or think, or
feel—even there I need you—there is your empty throne."

And Truth whispered, "Love—and I will come."

the newspapers. They have a good thing and they mean to keep it. The Guffey Petroleum Company is the biggest and best installed of the whole group of operators. It owns the most central, the largest and the best equipped area on Spindle Top. It has gone around the edge of its ground and bored so many wells that when it begins to pump *for all it is worth* the adjoining "gushers" will find themselves hard put to earn dividends.

The lake of oil under the Beaumont fields is like a dish of ice cream, in which the Guffey outfit has most of the big spoons. The other fellows, with one small scoop apiece, will get what the Guffey people can't get and, it seems to me, that will be comparatively little, so far as the Spindle Top or Beaumont yield is concerned.

My reason for this statement is quickly projected. The Guffey Company has already mastered the question of storage, shipment and refinement. It has already secured and improved 340 acres of wharfage land at the head of the Port Arthur deep-sea channel, *h's*, in process, a million dollar tankage equipment, pipe lines capacious enough to induct the whole product of the fields, a refinery with a capacity of 85,000 barrels per day, tin shops, box factories, barrel works, machine shops, warehouses and wharves well calculated to master the three difficulties which menace less wealthy operators and which *must finally defeat even the smaller factors of good standing*. As for the wildcat boosters and the bogus stock which they are scattering broadcast at so much per scatter, nobody down here gives them a moment's serious consideration.

Now it is my belief, well-founded and unprejudiced, that the Standard Oil Company controls the situation, through the Guffey Company, and that it is only a question of time when, under one name or another, the Rockefeller trust will absorb, cripple or crush all the lesser operators in this field. Some of my information in this direction, while trustworthy and provable, is confidential and may not be exploited, but I will illustrate a feature of the oil trade, as it is now carried on from Beaumont, that will give point to this argument. One or two of the smaller operators, having good wells and unbounded confidence in their productivity, built small strings of tank-cars in which to transport their oil. From the first these tank-cars showed an extraordinary and persistent "talent" for getting lost. Some of them, billed to Galveston to be "returned to Beaumont when empty," have been "turning up" in North Dakota and Michigan and various car accountants and division superintendents of various railroads are *very busy*, tracing the lost rolling stock. The Guffey cars *do not get lost*, or they have so many cars that they are never at a loss for tanks in which to ship their product.

Further than this, they are equipped to handle the yield of lesser wells, through their Port Arthur pipe-line, or to refine it at their works there, or to export it to advantage for the little factor. The Guffey wells are taking out enough of oil to supply the whole demand and enough more to fill their tankage *and to keep adjacent wells from gushing*. By holding back their product, even while drawing it from the earth, they are forcing would-be competitors to additional expense and, at the same time, *enhancing the price of Beaumont oil*. Within a few months the price has risen from 3 to 18 and even 20 cents a barrel. The big fellows, in control of pipe-lines to the Gulf, and of the only available tank-cars, are in a position to realize on the advanced prices which they themselves have brought about. The little fellows are either dependent or powerless because they cannot control the shipping facilities.

There are eighty-seven "Beaumont Oil" companies selling stock, to-day, which have *no wells at all*. There are twenty-eight abandoned holes and dry wells which cost an aggregate of \$437,108 and for which hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of "stock" was issued, which *are not worth a tinker's damn*. There are about forty in process of drilling which may furnish half-tone photographs for the adornment of letter-heads and certificates, but which will never earn enough money to pay for the boring plant and were never expected to do so. This is not a rap at the 134 *bona fide* wells on Spindle Top, nor has it any reference to the

recent oil developments in the Sour Lake district. The point I wish to make most clear is, that the whole of the Beaumont oil field is circumscribed by the narrow limits of 160 acres on Spindle Top heights and that this surface is now *bored like a sieve*.

I am free to assert that Beaumont oil, in quantity and in its adaptability for fuel, is without a rival in the world, to-day. It is certain to transfigure Eastern Texas into a populous, hustling, wealthy, manufacturing community. The Beaumont oil field is at the rim of, perhaps, the greatest and most valuable timber belt left in the United States; it is almost in the heart of the rice belt; it is in touch with tide-water and the Sante Fe and other railroads are already expending vast sums of money to place it within easy access of the markets of the North, East and West.

But the extent of the underlying oil supply is problematical and, in the nature of such deposits and in the light of past experience, cannot be inexhaustible. *It will not gush*, but must be pumped at considerable cost and marketed under expensive difficulties. These hindrances, while sure to disappoint thousands of get-rich-quick enthusiasts, will yet tend to make the oil a marketable staple, with a sure commercial status amongst fuels and luminants, and that, after all, is the final test of a mercantile product. Beaumont oil stock is either the most valuable or the most worthless in the market to-day. That which is valuable, dividend earning, or reasonably certain of profit, *does not go begging for subscribers*. Reputable men of Beaumont, like Mr. Childress, are doing all in their power to curb the rapacious, back-office, advertising "promoters," but they cannot reach the millions always ready to bite at every rainbow promise of sudden wealth. There are millions of dollars of ready money in the hands of authorized agents at Beaumont, to-day, that will be carried away intact because, upon careful scientific investigation at first hand, the prospects *do not warrant the risk of such willing capital*. Why, then, should the hard-earned money of widows, orphans and workingmen, in remote parts of the country, be entrusted, without security, in the hands of stock-jobbing fakirs with a Beaumont date-line on their stationery?

CLEAN THE WATER!

THE CITY'S FIRST, GREATEST NEED.

THE man closed the bathroom door and locked it. He looked with fierce determination at the bath tub half filled, and, setting his jaw, hissed: "I'll do it or break a leg."

Picking up a couple of dumbbells, weighing ten pounds apiece, he sprang into the air and landed on the water. Then he stepped out again, unmindful of the pain the jar had given him.

Bending over the tub once more, he laughed triumphantly.

"I have accomplished it at last," he cried, "I have put a three-inch dent in that water."

But of course this is fiction. The water, at present writing, is far too muddy to be dented.

The person who has ever been in St. Louis and had relations with a bath-tub, may think that the above was written about this city's water supply. But it wasn't. The sketch refers to Cincinnati, and is taken from the *Commercial Tribune* of that town.

The whole country rings with the "cleaning up crusade" in St. Louis. It is a good crusade. The MIRROR has long advocated it. But why not clean up the city water? That makes the city seem dirtier than it really is, to the visitor. Many persons cannot be induced to try a bath here. They wait until they reach a place where the water doesn't look as if it would soil everything it touched.

The city wants clear water more than it wants any other one thing. We can get it without stopping the "cleaning up crusade." Why doesn't the Mayor do something for clean and clear water? The Mississippi water can't be filtered. There is plenty of water in the Meramec that does not need filtration. Give us clean water.

MILITARISM AND BUSINESS.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THE German Emperor still believes in his mailed-fist policy. According to late dispatches, he has refused to endorse the Czar's disarmament plans, and declared that he intends to put his confidence in God, to keep his big army intact, and his powder dry. There is no mushy sentimentalism in William, when it comes to a question of army or no army. He believes in his mighty fighting machine, and asserts that it has proved a splendid investment. He is thoroughly imbued with the idea that Germany will rise and fall with her army, and that political conditions and Germany's strategical position absolutely forbid the entertainment of any suggestion of disarmament and perpetual peace. The Emperor also made the statement that Germany can well afford to maintain her present fighting forces. There are many, in Germany as well as elsewhere, who are disposed to consider militarism a grievous and intolerable burden and to question its economic value. Yet it cannot be disputed that the German empire has gained a good deal more than it has lost by the maintenance of a large army. Since 1871, when the empire was established, there has been a complete and marvelous political and economic metamorphosis. At no time in her history has Germany been more powerful and more respected than she is at the present time.

We Americans are fond of admiring ourselves, and to vaunt our magnificent country's tremendous strides forward in wealth, trade and population. There is every reason why we should do this, yet, at the same time, such self-admiration makes us prone to overlook or to minimize the growth of other countries. The average American has a superficial idea that Germany is getting along well, and that her foreign markets are expanding. Once in a while, he is startled by rumors that some day we are going to have a fight to a finish with the Teutons, and that it is necessary for us to keep step with them in naval preparations. The other day, one of our "far-seeing" naval metaphysicians, Admiral Taylor, made a desperate effort to relieve the overpowering summer dullness by predicting that the year 1907 will witness a fearful struggle between the United States and Germany for the tiny island of Curacao in the West Indies. Such grotesque things constitute the general volume of information which the American is blessed with. He is taught to fear, to hate and to despise Germany. If he were told of her almost unprecedented economic development, of her vast industrial and financial enterprises, he would quickly perceive that Germany can ill afford to venture into a world-wide struggle, and that her interests depend on the maintenance of peace. Germany believes in that approved policy which advocates measures providing for adequate offensive and defensive military and naval forces. She realizes that the time for disarmament is still far off, and that a nation that fails properly to protect itself and thereby invites attack is doomed to destruction. There is absolutely nothing threatening in Germany's partiality to militarism. On the contrary, it is a most valuable guarantee of a preservation of peace.

Germany's principal ambition, at the present time, is to widen her foreign markets and to improve the material welfare of her people. And she is setting about to accomplish this in a manner that is both peaceable and masterful. She is preparing to capture the markets of South Africa and to Germanize the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan of Turkey; her outposts of finance and trade are invading China and Siberia. There can be no doubt that she is well prepared for the supreme effort. The German has turned his back for good on sterile metaphysical speculation, on the romanticism of the knights of the moon. The last thirty years have transformed him into a practical man of affairs. He is devoting himself to business and science, and makes them work hand in hand. The empire has a system of industry which has utilized to the full all the resources of the nation; which, by a scientific cultivation

of the soil, has increased the yield of agriculture more than threefold; which has quadrupled the production of coal and tripled the production of iron, and, as stated by a Parisian paper, has developed a chemical trade the value of which is \$250,000,000 per annum. Germany has now the second largest electrical industry; the third textile, iron and steel industry, and a merchant marine that is second only to that of Great Britain. As the Paris journal says, "never before in the industrial history of the world has such success been achieved against such heavy odds, and if the measure of success which a nation achieves over adverse circumstances is the test of greatness, then Germany is the greatest nation in the world."

Germany had none of the advantages which gave England and the United States so excellent a start in the economic race. She had to dredge her seaports, deepen her rivers, supply her deficiencies in raw material by importation, import machinery for the factories, and the technical skill to direct them. She had to build a railway system to carry her manufactured goods long distances to the seacoast, and when she had accomplished all this, she must needs fight her way into markets which England and France had long occupied. Germany had to overcome many other and very serious obstacles at the beginning of her industrial and commercial era. Her currency was disordered; her banking system disorganized, and her foreign policy confused and wavering. In addition to all this, the country was split up into a score or more of petty, jealous duchies and principalities. But courage, self-discipline, perseverance, vigilance, patriotism, unity and, last but not least, education, have overcome and conquered everything. To-day, the German empire has almost 60,000,000 people, a system of internal communication that is the second largest of the world, and a foreign trade which has reached to the uttermost parts of the globe, and is inferior only to that of England and the United States.

During the past year and a half, Germany has been suffering from a severe business depression. There were many large failures and all security markets experienced a sensational collapse. Things looked so blue at times, that the English were prepared to set up the cry: "*Finis Germaniae*." But conditions are bettering, and Germany's "captains of industry" are once more looking for fields where they can profitably employ their capital and enterprising spirit. Perhaps the most far-reaching and the most significant project that Teutonic capital is now engaged in is that which aims at railroad connection between the Golden Horn and the Persian Gulf. The concession obtained from the Sultan is a valuable one. Attached to it is the grant of a strip of territory twenty miles wide on each side of the line. The railroad will be completed within less than two years, and run through a marvelously rich territory, which, in ancient times, constituted the granary of the world. Asia Minor and the Valley of the Euphrates and Tigris will be thrown open to modern agriculture and industry. There is an abundance of water, and the mineral deposits are said to be of fabulous wealth. This gigantic railroad undertaking will revolutionize Asiatic Turkey and permanently subject it to German influence and control. The British are very bitter about the aggressive enterprise of Germany in Asia Minor, and cannot stop kicking themselves for permitting Lord Palmerston to sit down very heavily on Sir George Chesney's proposition, many years ago, to utilize his concession for the construction of a railroad in the Euphrates Valley.

Yes, the Emperor is right. Militarism has proven a good investment for the German empire. The economic condition of the German people is now better than it ever was before. This is plainly reflected in the remarkable falling off in German immigration to the United States. In 1882, almost 200,000 Germans came to America. Since then, there has been a steady decline, until, during the past fiscal year, the total German immigration to this country aggregated barely 26,000. Without her vast military establishment and her constant preparation for war, Germany would never have become what she is now. Emperor William, with his curious intermixture of German

and British horse-sense and love of the practical, realizes this full well. He does not see any special reason, under prevailing conditions, for becoming enthusiastic about idealistic propositions involving the ushering in of the long-hoped-for era, when "swords will be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks." Militarism has paid in Germany, and that is a hard nut to crack for those who are constantly prattling about the injustice of strapping a soldier upon the back of every toiling peasant.

THE Y-RAYS OF PAUL HEWSON, M. D.

BY WILLIAM SMITH, M. D. D. O.

AS the only person acquainted with the truth regarding Hewson, it is my duty to lay the facts before the public. I only ask one thing—credence. I well know that it will be hard to grant, but the incredible is often true. The theories and dreams of yesterday are the scientific truths of to-morrow.

On the 18th September, 1901, I, Maurice Jackson, M. D., late of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, now of New York City, was on Van Buren street, Chicago, having been called to that city in consultation in a case of supposed incipient Addison's disease. I was accosted by a gentleman who introduced himself to me in a somewhat strange manner: "Excuse me, are you not Jackson? Do you remember Crazy Hewson?"

At once, even after the lapse of a dozen years, I recognized an old fellow-student at Jeff.; Hewson, who had been known to all his *confreres* under that title, from his eagerness in study of all things new or *outré*, but was at the same time devoted to all regular medical work, was an honest student and took more than one medal in his course. I acknowledged his greeting and expressed pleasure at meeting him. A tall, athletic, blonde man, with a sweeping, fair moustache, gentlemanly in manner and faultlessly dressed, his appearance bespoke the prosperous physician.

"Will you grant me an hour of your time to-day—any hour will do? I wish to see you on most urgent matters. Fate has sent you here to-day of all the days to aid me. I ask the favor most urgently."

His manner in speaking was one of painful excitement; it was clear that his nervous system was under great strain. The tension was marked. I willingly told him that between eight and nine o'clock that evening I would gladly see him at the Auditorium Hotel, and we parted, I congratulating myself that I was to have the pleasure of getting some new pointers on new methods, for I was satisfied that Hewson was not a man who would consider that his education ceased with his attendance at a medical school, but that experience in the wider realm of life and practice would have furnished him with a fertile field for study and research.

Promptly at eight o'clock that evening a bell-boy brought me a card bearing the name "Paul Y. Hewson, M. D.," and in a few moments the owner of the name was in my room. He hardly gave me time to extend to him the most ordinary salutation before he plunged in *medias res*.

"Are you prepared to hear of the solution of the greatest problem in the world, of the settling forever of the vibratory theory, of the abolition of the railroad and steamship as means of transportation? Will you listen to me without pre-judgment and accept demonstration? Will you preserve secrecy regarding all I say to you, or may show you, until I give you permission to open your lips upon the matter?"

This was all said with the utmost eagerness and energy, and the same demonstration of extreme nervousness which I had previously noted that day, on Van Buren street. Disappointed to find that I was doomed to listen to hare-brained theories and chimerical rhapsodies during the hour in which I had promised myself something so very different, I somewhat, I fear, ungraciously consented. No sooner had I done so than Hewson whipped from his pocket a Bible and proceeded to administer to me an oath of secrecy in the most business-like manner. He ex-

plained, when the swearing process was finished, that he considered my presence in Chicago little short of Providential; he had no friends there whom he cared to trust, and my professional standing assured him of my secrecy, while my endorsement of what he would tell me of his experiments would gain for them acceptance by the scientific world. Then this extraordinary man unfolded to me that which simply filled me with blank astonishment.

"You must pardon me, Jackson, for being excited. This is the most critical moment in my life. Forgive me if, at the beginning, I allude to matters with which you were entirely familiar when at college, but what I have to say I must say in my own manner." Then he leaned his head upon his hand and, speaking in a low, nervous, rapid voice, he went on: "Ever since the first scientific study of magnetism there has been a belief in some sort of a vibratory theory; in other words, a belief that all the atoms in this universe are in a state of constant vibration, and that the rate of vibration varies in different bodies. We now believe that, in all probability, every force in nature is vibratile, that all energy capable of transmission travels in waves. We know that sound, light and heat do so, and the length and rapidity of the waves are capable of mensuration. The corpuscular, or emission, theory of light is now known to be incorrect. We know that light-waves travel at the enormous speed of 186,000 miles a second, while those of sound pass in that time over only a few hundred feet. We know that in the Organ of Corti, in the ear, we have an apparatus devised for the reception of the sound-impulses and their modification so that they may be recorded in the central mechanism of hearing in the brain. We know that the difference in the length of the wave alters the pitch of the note. In the same way we know that in the rods and cones of the retina we have an apparatus with similar object, but devoted to the reception of light-waves, their length determining color and shade. Further, we know that there exists in nature sounds with a wave-length so long or so short that the Organ of Corti is not fitted to receive them—in other words, there are sounds which we cannot hear—and that, in the same way, there are lights which we cannot see; such rays as the Hertzian rays, which travel with a speed far greater than that of ordinary sun-rays, and with a different wave-length; also the Roentgen rays which travel much faster still. We know that electricity can be usefully combined with other waves; for electricity also travels in undulations, as in the case of the telephone, or where an electric current is propelled along a ray of light, or, as in the Marconi system, where the electric wave is simply propelled through the air to a suitable receiving apparatus."

At this point Hewson glanced at me for the first time since he had begun speaking and, seeing on my face complete mystification he said: "Be patient, this introduction is necessary. The Roentgen rays are the special waves which have the greatest rapidity and penetration known to the scientist to-day; just as the magnetic waves will pass through, and affect a piece of steel through, a sheet of glass or wood, so the Roentgen rays penetrate wood, paper, clothing, the soft parts of the body and so forth, but they are arrested by certain substances, such as glass, metals, stone. So will the Marconi rays penetrate a brick wall or a block of houses. Tesla was on the verge of a discovery when he devised his oscillator; Marconi added a little with his wireless telegraphy; Roentgen got a certain amount of fame when he discovered the, so-called, X-rays, given off from the almost forgotten tube of Crookes; but it has remained for me, Crazy Hewson, of old Jeff., to establish the truth of the vibratory theory and to demonstrate truths which will stagger the scientific world. All nature is vibratory, for vibration is life. Every atom in the human body is in vibration at a speed of 48,000,000 vibrations per second. If the vibration fall to 36,000,000, death ensues. Every atom of the human body shares in the one, universal law. It has been my fortune to discover this speed of vibration; to combine with the Tesla oscillator my modification of the Crookes tube; to discover a new element which, in conjunction with those appliances, not only gives off new

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rays far ahead of those of Roentgen, and which I call the Y-rays, but to devise, with all these aids, the means where by the human body may be dissociated into its component atoms, how these combined with the Y-rays can be transmitted over any distance, be then received in a suitable apparatus, and the body be there re-organized."

I gazed at Hewson in amazement; he was now speaking in a loud and buoyant tone; he seemed transfigured and to have lost ten years of his age; his excitement was intense; it seemed clear to me, the poor fellow was insane. He read my thoughts. "Ah, you doubt! I thank God that I can prove my words. Will you come down to my den in the Masonic Temple Building? There I will show you my apparatus. I can demonstrate the truth there."

Not a moment did I hesitate. If crazy, he was harmless; if he had something new, why should I not see it? I rang for a carriage, and in ten minutes we were on the fourteenth floor of the Masonic Temple, in his rooms.

The main room was large, and certain apparatus at once attracted my attention. Only one or two things seemed unfamiliar, but when Hewson had explained all I felt that I was in the presence of marvels. At one side was what appeared to be an ordinary, large-sized, induction coil, such as is used in the Edison apparatus for radioscapy; in close relation to this, and connected with it by wires, was an instrument, which, Hewson explained, was a modification of the oscillator of Tesla—what he, Hewson, termed the Hewson vibrator. He explained that by means of this instrument he could produce vibrations, for interruptions of the electric current, to any extent desired; that it was now "tuned up" to give 48,000,000 per second, corresponding with the number of animal atomic vibrations. This vibrator, in its turn, was connected with what looked like an ordinary Crookes tube, save that one of its surfaces was covered with some shiny metallic substance. A few feet toward the middle of the room stood a metallic archway, so high that a tall man could stand under it, and about two feet in depth from front to back. This was connected with the induction coil. I paid particular attention to the wire connections. Duplicates of all this apparatus were set up at the other end of the room, in exactly the same positions.

"Now," said Hewson, "There it all is; the simplest and most complex machine that the brain of man ever devised; the greatest revolutionist that the world has ever seen! With its aid I could be in New York in three seconds, or in London in about nine, or I could start from this room, pass right around the world and be in your room in the Auditorium in a trifle less than seventy seconds; for my rays, when charged with the elements of the human body, travel at a speed almost exactly one thousand miles in three seconds. I use the ordinary city current; it passes through this coil, thence through the vibrator, which causes the current to vibrate at exactly the same speed as do the atoms of the body; thence the current passes to the Hewson tube which you see held in the clamp. You note that one surface of that tube is coated with metal. That is a compound of thallium with a new element discovered by me and by me given the name of Hewsonia. That compound is the only substance which is impervious to the Y-rays; when charged, as strongly transmits them. You note that that arch is connected with the induction coil; by means of this switch I can charge it at will. When charged, it is a transmitter; when uncharged it is a receiver. When I cause the current to pass through the coil, the vibrator, and the Hewson tube, the Y-rays are given off by the tube in exactly the same manner as the X-rays are given off by the Crookes tube, they pass through the transmitter, which is charged from the coil, and if I were standing in that arch my atoms would be instantly dissociated and propelled with a velocity of three hundred and thirty-three miles a second toward space, unless an uncharged surface of Hewsonia intervened. Coming to such a surface, as in the case of that arch opposite, the rays would be powerfully attracted, and the animal atoms would be instantly built up once more into their original form. This transmission would take place through all obstacles, since Hewsonia is the only substance which is opaque to

them. You look amazed; I will prove it to you—I turn on the current to the tube, now to the arch or transmitter—Jacob, come here, puss; come on old fellow." At these last words a large, handsome black cat, which had been unnoticed by me, rose lazily from a basket and came over to Hewson. "This fine fellow has been transmitted across this room dozens of times. He shall share the honors with me. Now, I am going to transmit him; he does not mind it a bit. I will simply throw him into the concavity of the charged transmitter; you will need to watch the receiver closely and you will see him appear. You cannot see both the disappearance and the appearance, for in a million times the length of time consumed in the transmission you could not turn your eyes sufficiently rapidly. Now, watch the receiver."

I did so. I heard the single word, "Now," and at the same instant I saw a cat appear in the receiver at the other end of the room,—simply appear in the air in the concavity of the arch, appear from nowhere, then drop on the floor, where it quietly sat and fell to licking some spots of its fur which were slightly disheveled.

"Try it for yourself. Come here and pitch in the cat yourself, then you'll see the disappearance."

Once again the current was turned on, it having been shut off immediately on the re-organization of the cat having taken place; I took Jacob carefully in my arms, threw him fairly and squarely under the arch, about its middle, and the cat vanished, just disappeared; but on looking toward the receiver, there I saw him, just as he dropped upon the floor. I stood dumbfounded.

"Dr. Jackson," said Hewson, "you now have the opportunity of a lifetime. You have seen and performed the most wonderful thing that was ever done since the world came into being. Let me adjust this instrument as a receiver so that it shall stand approximately in a line with New York; let us take the other apparatus down there and fit it up in your office. It will only take a few minutes to fix up; then we can give the apparatus its final, crucial test. It means fame."

I readily agreed, and on the 22nd of September, in the year of Grace 1901, we found ourselves, Hewson, Jacob and myself, in my rooms in New York City, with the apparatus fitted up ready for action. All too slowly passed the rest of that day, but when evening came, I felt no fatigue. An intense interest held me in its grasp and I was all eagerness for the experiment. The selected time arrived, the current was turned on, Jacob was pitched into the transmitter and vanished.

Hewson now arose. By an intense effort of the will he spoke in a low, strained voice: "Jackson, old fellow, I have staked all on this and now I am going to stake myself; I am going to Chicago by the Y-rays." As he spoke he began to undress.

"Hewsonia attracts so powerfully the rays that even were the receiver there directed ten miles out of direct line, it would make no difference, it is the only thing which can attract, resist and re-organize the dissociated elements of the body. The rays can transmit all animal matter, or mineral matter impregnated with animal, such as bone, tooth and so forth; but as I must have no metal about me, such as buttons, I must be completely stripped. After I disappear, wait ten seconds; then shut off the current. That time will make sure that I have reached Chicago. I will then turn on the current there and so make the receiver into a transmitter, when I can easily talk to you by transmitting the sound waves to what will then be a receiver here. You will hear me quite easily."

By this time he was nude, and he stepped under the arch with as little apparent concern as though getting into a bath.

"Turn on the current!"

I did so, and at the same instant, I was alone. I waited for ten seconds; then switched the current off. Almost at once a voice, full, clear and resonant, easily to be recognized as that of Hewson, came from the arch to me.

"The first man ever transmitted by the Y-rays has safely passed from New York to Chicago. Jacob is here

all right. There was no pain, no shock, no consciousness. I was simply in New York; now I am here. Confound you, Jackson, what a careless fellow you are! You might have burned down the whole of this building. When we left here the other night, you left your lighted cigar on my table; you've spoiled my cover. I'm going to fix my time switch so that it will shut off the current here thirty seconds after I leave—there, that's all right, look out. I'm coming back. I'll bring Jacob with me."

The voice ceased, and in less than ten seconds a huge mass appeared in the receiver, fell in a heap on the floor—and then, then—there raised up from the floor the most hideous nightmare that the slumbering brain of man ever conceived.

Paul Hewson! But changed, so horribly changed, so hideous that I shuddered as I looked at him. On various parts of his body were big patches of black fur; hanging from behind his left ear was the tail of a black cat, which, as he looked at me, switched nervously to and fro; on either cheekbone, appearing above his blonde moustache, and beneath his honest blue eyes, which looked at me with terror in them, was the ear of a cat which twitched in a manner frightful to see; two glaring, yellow eyes, with enormous black pupils, were set in his forehead immediately above his own. I felt sick, but reassured by the thought: "this is nothing but a dream; just a nightmare; he'll change in a minute, or else I will fly or fall down an elevator, or something will happen that will wake me up." But the nightmare spoke and in its voice there was a dreadful agony, and the tone was completely altered.

"Jackson, my God, what does this mean?" My atoms have all got tangled up with those of that damned cat. What am I to do? Help me!" And then the miserable thing threw itself on the floor and groveled.

I forced myself to think. "You must go through again, old chap. I expect you will come out all right then," but I said it with a sunken heart, for I feared—I feared.

The process was repeated. I shut off the current and heard the despairing voice say to me from Chicago: "It's no good. I'm coming back. There's no change," and back he did come, without a trace of alteration.

We sat down and talked together, and, to my horror, I discovered that, in many ways, the characteristics and individualities of the man and the cat were blended with one another. Just as the material atoms were blended, so were the mentalities. This I found out when, all of a sudden, Hewson fell on his knees and began to scratch my leg with claws which were on his knuckles. I begged him to dress, but he fell to licking his patches of fur and told me that no cat liked to be wrapped up; also that clothes would hide his beautiful fur. As rapidly this mood passed and he was again the broken-hearted scientific man, beseeching me to think for him. I found that while his nature and that of the cat were, to a certain extent, fused, his relatively greater bulk and far stronger mentality enabled him, for a great part of the time, to control the cat disposition.

The night passed away and the day came on two miserable beings. So passed similar days and nights; days when food was sent up from a restaurant and the hours were those of intensest misery—misery such as no tongue can describe nor pen write. At times he was the courteous gentleman, bemoaning his fate, dressing himself with care, endeavoring to distract his mind from his condition. Then, all of a sudden, the change in his nature would come; the clothes would be torn off in a fury, his language become foul, the tone of voice snarling, a mixture of insane ravings and hideous and unearthly cat-like mewings. This would pass, and I well remember one of his utterances on emerging from such a period:

"Louis Stevenson, in his 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' never contemplated the possibility of such a state as is mine; there it was simply the dual nature of two men wrapped in the body of one, now it is the mind and mentality of a man—the body and frame of one of God's images—so entwined and mingled with those of one of the lower animals that he is a terror and a loathing to himself. For God's sake, wake me, if I am asleep and dreaming; this torture and horror are more than I can bear."

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Then, in a moment, he became quiet, fell to licking his patches of fur, twitching the hideous, fearsome ears upon his face and waving gently back and forth the cat's tail, which hung from his head, the while he purred softly in contentment to himself.

One day a mouse crossed the floor of the room while we were sitting talking. In a trice he had sprung from his chair and, with inconceivable rapidity, captured it! Then, for over fifteen minutes, he played with it exactly as a cat would have done, and finished up by devouring it. Hardly had he done so when the change occurred; he vomited violently and begged me to give him the means to destroy himself, saying that he was only an object of loathing to himself and unfit to live.

I must say that the whole thing was more than a problem to me. Had he not been my friend, had I not been associated with him in the experiment, I would at once have notified the authorities and had him removed for proper care. But I could not bring myself to do this. It was a serious matter for me; every dollar that Hewson had been worth, and all know that he had a large and lucrative practice in Chicago, had been spent on his experiment, save enough to keep up appearances. Now all his belongings were represented by some torn clothing, some apparatus which I was extremely careful to leave alone, and a matter of about three or four hundred dollars in bad debts. I could not attend to my practice. Wealthy patients were being daily turned away from my office. I had to neglect important calls in practice or consultation. It only lasted a few days, but the memory of those days will be with me while I live. Sometimes, but rarely, he would lie for an hour or so curled up on a sofa, or stretched out by the radiator. These periods were usually at night, but the fourth night I got no rest. The cat-nature held him all through it, as a result of a fight between two cats on a neighboring roof. He fought me like a demon to get out to engage in the fray, the eyes on his forehead blazing like live coals, and he tore me badly with his claws. The next day was one of misery, repentance, self-reproach, horror and weeping. So things passed until the third of October, a Thursday. I shall never forget the day.

After a period of prolonged whining, mewing and running about on all-fours, he came to himself with a clearer mind and calmer manner than I had yet seen. He told me that he intended to make the fight of his life for success with an idea which was to liberate him. He begged me to accede to what he felt must seem to me to be only an idle

whim, but which he felt would be the end of all. He promised that he would absolutely control himself if only I would promise to do as he wished. I answered that, if he could show me for twenty-four hours that he could control the cat-nature by the exercise of his human will, I would do anything that he asked of me. He did so. He suffered much, but his gallant effort was crowned with success. He begged me to go to Chicago at once, to enter his office and wash the entire surface of the receiver with a concentrated solution of nitro-muriatic acid and, after breaking the Hewsonia tube, to wash the surfaces of metal also. As soon as that was done I was to send him a wire to that effect, then return to New York at once; he to be locked in all the time.

I did as he requested, found that the metallic surface of Hewsonia compound was entirely removed by the acid, and that the underlying surface seemed to be sheet-iron. I then locked up the office, wired to Hewson, saying that his directions had been complied with; then returned to New York.

I went straight to my office, and found my rooms empty; a large sheet of paper hung right opposite the door, so that it must strike my eye at once; on it was written in very large characters: "Shut off the current from the Hewson tube and destroy Hewson metal *at once*; leave connection between transmitter and coil; then read note on table." I did as directed. Leaving the transmitter charged with electricity, I stopped the flow of the terrible, but absolutely invisible, rays from the tube, and then read the following—

"MY DEAR MAURICE:

"You have been a good and true friend. The receiver in Chicago is now irrevocably ruined. There is nothing on this earth which can arrest my atoms, if you do as I ask. I am going to step into the transmitter here, turn on the current by means of a string attached to the switch and pass into the unknown by means of the Y-rays. Before shutting off the current from the transmitter, please wash the surface thoroughly with the nitro-muriatic acid. You will realize the coils and vibrators are harmless.

"You may tell the whole story now. I have no friends, so there is no one to be injured by the truth. For God's sake do not leave an uncharged atom of Hewson compound metal in existence. My damnable discovery is lost until re-discovered by some other who may be, I trust, more fortunate than I. Good-bye! To live as I am would be a

mockery. To pass from life to non-existence, as I intend to do, is, at least, scientific. Good-bye."

And that is all of the true story of the Y-rays of Paul Hewson.

THE VALUE OF PRIVILEGE.

BY WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

PRESIDENT SCHWAB, of the United States Steel Corporation, has filed a sworn statement, in which he alleged that the value of the iron-ore, coal, limestone and natural-gas lands owned by that Company is at least \$824,000,000, the iron lands alone being said to be worth \$700,000,000. This is exclusive of the railroads, machinery, equipment, buildings, etc., used in producing and distributing the ore, coal, coke, limestone and other raw materials.

This valuation is not based on the cost of the lands in question, but on the estimated value of the materials that can be produced from them. As a matter of fact, these lands originally cost nothing, or, at most, the mere trifle paid to the Government for public lands. Yet if it is a fact, as asserted by Judge Gary, that they could not be duplicated at any price, they are certainly worth the enormous amount given by Mr. Schwab.

For these lands include the largest and finest deposits of iron ore known to exist in the world. As this ore is the basis of all our great iron and steel industries, and as the quantity of high-grade ores which may be easily and cheaply mined and transported is limited, it is evident that the corporation controlling so large a share of an important raw material is in a position to dictate prices to consumers. And for this iron ore there is no known substitute.

Here is a problem for the highest statesmanship: Are the conditions under which certain portions of the earth's surface, worth little or nothing until the discovery of the minerals underlying them, give them value of more than \$800,000,000, such as to make for that equality of opportunity which, we are told, is the birthright of every American citizen? On the other hand, is there any method by which these stores of raw materials, the value of which has not been created by either capital or labor, but by the demand of the consuming public, can be utilized so as to prevent a few persons from securing enormous profits, which are neither the wages of ability nor the interest on capital, but the exactions of monopoly?

COMMERCE AND HARMONY.

BY RICHARD SPAMER.

Things musical and otherwise are looking up in St. Louis. It may be that it is the otherwise things that are having this effect on music; but be this as it may, it is a fact particularly gratifying when the backward state of the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley has been the theme for stereotyped adverse comment for so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

The project of holding a World's Fair in St. Louis, in 1904, is not the immediate cause of the "looking up." The improvement was due long ago. It came when the causes that tended to keep St. Louis out of her own were no longer operative or had ceased to exert their reactionary influence. The change did not come in a political way; it was not fostered by any set or association of men; it did not originate from within. Like all the movements that have tended toward St. Louis' advancement, the change, now visible on every hand, came from without. The same influences that, without Chicago's special effort, made that city the metropolis of the Northern Central section or the United States—the gradual Westward movement of the construction forces inherent in our civilization—are announcing themselves in a larger, wider, more comprehensive way in St. Louis, the acknowledged mistress of the commerce and trade of the illimitable Southwest. The country tributary to St. Louis is virgin territory, commercially considered. No other area in all the United States teems with such possibilities of trade exploitation. All the enormous changes wrought in public imagination by the war with Spain, all the extrospective vistas of enlargement that have, for the first time in the nation's history the farthest East for their legitimate goal, center in and radiate from St. Louis.

It may be hard, possibly impossible, for the people of the Eastern American seaboard to realize this. But the circumstance has not passed the discernment of the people of the Mississippi Valley. They realize now where lies their future. The Mississippi Valley, the Isthmian Canal, the trade-routes to the islands of the Pacific and the mainland of Asia, are no longer geographico-commercial abstractions to them. They believe that the next generation will see St. Louis the biggest inland-ocean city in the world. Compared to the possibilities of its commerce-carrying capacity, the Mississippi River is now truly "flowing unvexed to the sea." In less than a dozen years the rehabilitation of river traffic, by the improvement of the river and the means of navigating it, will make that stream an estuary of the Gulf of Mexico, compared to which the Thames and the Hudson will appear prospectively indifferent.

Outwardly, to-day, the city of St. Louis does not reveal the great impending and occurring changes. It is true that more and costlier building is now in progress than ever before in the city's history. It is true that the World's Fair movement is changing the face of the old town in many respects. It is true that that movement is arousing the latent sense of hospitality and care for the coming guest as no other influence could have aroused it. The significant fact is, that the big railway systems of the country are concentrating St. Louisward in a way never dreamed to be possible before and with Titanic effort are providing for a tonnage which they know will, despite their greatest

efforts, tax their carrying capacity far beyond presently realizable ability.

The merchants of St. Louis, such of them as measure trade advancement by a standard other than ledger expressions, are beginning to comprehend this. The railroad managers, rather than the railroad financiers, are understanding it. The enormous expansion of the city to the westward reveals it. The press of the city contributes whatsoever energy it can spare from its picturings of diurnal sameness, to its revelation. The Nation and, through the Nation, the entire world would know it, if the Central and the Southern West had, at Washington, the Senatorial and popular representation capable of turning aside for the nonce from the pursuit of the pettiness of politics and giving attention to the larger, the more vital concerns of the National future.

Possibly, too, the people of St. Louis are beginning to understand the universality of their World's Fair endeavor; its *orbis pictus* aspect, so to speak. And this may, in a measure, account for the patent increase in the interest in musical affairs. Compared with what other cities have done in the past for musical betterment, the local effort has truly been small. A maximum of \$30,000 for the Choral-Symphony Society for the coming season, if all goes as it should, is insignificant compared with the princely liberality of one or two men in Philadelphia, in maintaining the new orchestra there, or one man's Macaenean prodigality in Boston, or the tributes to the cause in New York, or the cornucopian plenitude of dollars for music in Pittsburgh, the self-sacrificing donations in Cincinnati, or the steady, almost unasked support of the world's greatest orchestra in Chicago.

But St. Louis must not, cannot, properly be compared with these older communities. St. Louis has done according to its lights. Signs are abundant that the city is going to do according to its greater lights. The fact is, that through the operation of one cause or another, the thinking people of the World's Fair city are beginning to realize—somewhat dimly yet—I admit—still finely sensibly, that there is more in music than amusement, more in it than the diversion of diverse society, less, perhaps, than the claims of the enthusiasts who see only music and hear only music; that, in a word, music is the human family's common art-platform. On it all can meet. Better than sculpture, painting or the printed page, or any art that has its medium in the visual sense, music finds in every human soul its own self-sufficient interpreter. Music's ear, better than the eyes of all the other arts, is nearest nature. The sense of hearing may be the last of the great senses to be developed after birth; it may be the first thereof to leave us before death; but in that glorious interval the music of nature-imitating, soul-revealing man is the most constant quantity of his waking and his sleeping hours.

And, in the foregoing sense of the need of a concentration of the educational value of the musical art, it is gratifying to note that World's Fair music is, to a larger extent than other parts of the undertaking, to be a local expression. At present, at least, there seems to be a well-defined desire to give the World's Fair music-scheme to St. Louis men and women. All previous world's fairs have had too little music of the right kind, too much of the wrong kind, and consequently the art has never received its rightful public valuation on such occasions. I believe in the plan now formulating that the entire musical world of St.



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Louis should be erected into the nucleus for the entire World's Fair music.

Let us have all the orchestral forces of St. Louis combined into a World's Fair Orchestra, all the St. Louis choral forces into a World's Fair Military Band; all the St. Louis instrumental and vocal solo force into a World's Fair Musical Lyceum; all of these divisions responsible to a central control of St. Louis men and women. Let the Board of Musical Control have the largest power in the engagement of foreign artists, in the arrangement of programmes, in the entire musical investiture of the World's Fair. There is enough administrative and executive talent in the city of St. Louis, metropolitan as well as suburban, for this project. It is good to give the city *carte blanche* as a city to show the world and itself what it can do in one art-endeavor, and music is the best medium for a display in which the best St. Louis spirit can be judged at its best. The value of a liberally endowed, liberally managed Musical Department as an adjunct towards giving the city of St. Louis an honorable publicity in the World's Fair affairs, right at the beginning of the Fair, needs no exploitation here. It is patent. And I may say, in conclusion, that for purely advertising purposes—so long as the sordid aspects of things must be referred to—music has never, in all the history of world's fairs, been accorded the trial it deserves. St. Louis, in 1904, offers the best opportunity, the most profitable chance possible in that regard. It were a graceful, it will prove a profitable, thing to give all St. Louis musicians a standing in this matter. The prize—the certainly to be established reputation of St. Louis as a musical center—is well worth all it may cost to make the competition a success in the largest sense.

CHEVALIER ST. JOHN GAFFNEY.

The *Daily Messenger* (Paris) prints the following paragraph, touching an American and New Yorker of well-known patriotism, persistency and charm:

An unusual honor was conferred upon Mr. St. John Gaffney, of New York, by His Excellency, M. Cambon, French Ambassador to the United States, in personally taking him in his carriage to the Elysee, and presenting him to President Loubet. The audience had been arranged in advance and was held in the President's private chamber and lasted half an hour. The President was alone. After the interview, Mr. Gaffney, in giving his impressions, said: "In introducing me to the President, His Excellency was kind enough to allude to my advocacy and defense of the French nation in the American Press, both before and since the Dreyfus case. He mentioned my interest in the Rochambeau monument, and my enthusiasm for the recent French mission. He also referred to my hospitality to the Rochambeau family in New York. The President warmly thanked me for my friendly sentiments for France, of which he stated that he had already been advised. He spoke in the highest terms of President Roosevelt, and asked me specially to communicate to him his warmest expressions of gratitude for the kindness and hospitality the mission had received. He said that General Brugere and the other members were loud in praise of their reception everywhere in America, and that the General was strongly impressed by the military demonstrations in their honor. The President asked after Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, whom he had met, while the late

General Harrison was here attending the Venezuelan Commission. He also inquired particularly for Mrs. Roosevelt, of whose many amiable qualities he had been informed by the Rochambeau party. He asked me how I liked the review at Longchamps, which I had attended as a guest of the Minister of War, and upon my expressing my admiration for that great military spectacle, I added that I hoped I would see in America a similar display of great masses of troops on some national fete. I said to the President, that President Roosevelt, being a former cavalry officer, would have been delighted with the charge of the 10,000 cavalry on the pavilions at Longchamps. M. Loubet seemed much gratified at my allusion to the enthusiasm of the populace for the army, which was most inspiring and patriotic. Before retiring, having made a complimentary reference to the popularity of Monsieur Cambon, the President said with emphasis, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur will remain at his post." This sets at rest in my judgment, any doubt as to the continuation of Monsieur Cambon at Washington." M. Cambon has arranged an audience for Mr. Gaffney with M. Delcasse, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Rochambeaus who were entertained in New York by Mr. Gaffney, have invited him to the Chateau Foltertre, the seat of the mother of the Countess where, after spending a few days, he accompanies the family to the Chateau de Rochambeau.

In addition to all these honors and compliments, Mr. Gaffney has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. This will be more or less surprising to many people in New York, whose information as to the notables of their town is derived from newspapers which adhere strictly to a hieratic list. Mr. Gaffney's labors as a publicist have not endeared him to the greater part of the high-minded New York press, but, as the above clipping indicates, the lot of the prophet without honor in his own country is not always without its compensations. It was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Gaffney that the Rochambeau party was induced to change its plans and come on to St. Louis to inspect the World's Fair preparations.

HOW SHE MADE MONEY.

"Oh, Dick," said Mrs. Shadyside to her husband, "I made \$10 to-day."

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure," replied Mr. Shadyside. "It will help with the month's expenses. Hand it over, please."

"You know that a penny saved is a penny earned?"

"Oh, you made the \$10 by saving it, did you?"

"Yes, it was this way: There was a love of a hat down town that I wanted a month ago, but it was \$25. Well, I kept my eye on it, and finally it was reduced to \$15, and so I bought it. As I saved \$10, I really earned it, didn't I? And you won't have to pay for the hat till the first of the month, either."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram*.

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HER REASON.—*Edith*: "Why did you refuse him?" *Ethel*: "He has a past." *Edith*: "But he can blot it out." *Ethel*: "Perhaps, but he can't use me for a blotter."—*Puck*.

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NEW BOOKS.

A most readable book is "An English Girl in Paris," published by John Lane, New York. There are twelve chapters, all devoted to interesting sketches of life in Paris. The anonymous author has evidently studied the characters, things and habits she writes about at close range. There is a decidedly autobiographical, anecdotal tinge to the work. Homely, matter-of-fact views and sayings are freely interspersed with epigrammatic, satirical flashes. Clean, healthy thoughts and genuine humor may be met on every page. There is, occasionally, a "Frenchy" interlude, but it is kept within proper limits. There is, indeed, nothing in this book that could be called offensive. One of the most humorous characters introduced to our acquaintance is *Madame Perrette*, who is *garde malade*, *souffre douleur*, general adviser, cook and housekeeper for *Uncle Jack*. This family factotum is a veritable well-spring of home-spun, practical and witty remarks. Although she had lots of trouble with her spendthrift, lazy liege lord, she honors his memory. "Poor *Hercule* was, after all, *bon garçon*, and of a gaiety to make a corpse laugh at his own interment." *Perrette* is engaged in a constant struggle to keep *Uncle Jack* from succumbing to the wiles of pretty blondes. He has a pronounced inclination to commit a marital *betise*. He showers his pictures, porcelain and even his shirt-studs upon ladies of a blonde *chevelure*. *Perrette* is what the French call *une originale*. She has not much faith in the mental superiority of men. "When you have attained my age and my experience," she says to the English girl, "you will know then what to believe about companies, gold-mines, card-playing, *petits cheveux*, and the rest. 'Tis all the same, —traps they are to catch those imbeciles the men. No woman is deceived by them. And, then, just to hear them with that grand air of importance talking of their *affaires*." The author of the book has the knack of rendering broken English and French in an amusing style. The passages of Gallicized English are inimitable. There is, for instance, *Meme's* opinion of *Princesse Odille*: "If it were only that she is a poet, plays the comedy, gives the recitation, that could make itself pardoned. The little volume, 'Dreams of the Lotus,' it is chic, very chic, the cover is delicious, though frankly for the verses I find them little better than the Chinese. But for a young girl (the epithet is elastic) who makes herself *feministe*, who mixes herself in the socialism, the philosophy, and the ideas *bizarres* of those Messieurs Ibsen, Tolstoy, Nietzsche, *et cetera*! Oh-la-la! Me I have all that in horror. For the rest, you see, well she marries herself not, your *Odille*; the affairs, the affairs always, but no husband." *Meme* clings to the opinion that a woman's life is *manquée* if she fails to secure a husband, though she may have all the riches in the world. "An English Girl in Paris" should prove a popular book. It is something out of the ordinary, and both entertaining and instructive.

The wholesome effect of country-life upon the character of a city boy is vividly portrayed in "The Little Citizen," by M. E. Waller, and published by the Lothrop Pub-

lishing Co., Boston. *Miffins*, a New York street-urchin, is taken to the woods, fields and mountains of Vermont, and, under the fatherly care of Jacob Foss, a farmer, rural life does not fail to make a powerful impression upon his character, and to transform him into a big-hearted, honest young lad of sound, clean and clear views of life and its duties. Farm life and its joys and troubles are graphically described by the author. The tale, and the style of writing, are well fitted to the understanding of intelligent young folk. "The Little Citizen" is a welcome contribution to juvenile literature of a more serious character. It is appropriately illustrated.

American boys should not fail to read "The Errand Boy of Andrew Jackson," by W. O. Stoddard. It is a story of the war of 1814, full of life, fighting, patriotism and adventure. *Dan Martin* is the heroic boy, who does all sorts of brave, dare-devil acts, earns the applause and gratitude of General Andrew Jackson, and provokes "old Hickory" to cry: "God bless the boys of America." *Dan* enlists in Jackson's army for the defense of the Mississippi River, and distinguishes himself at Mobile and New Orleans. *Jean Lafitte*, the great pirate, is also introduced to the reader, and does a good deal towards redeeming his bad reputation by rendering effective service to the American army. Mr. Stoddard has written a good boy's story, which may be expected to awaken patriotism and love of history in the mind and heart of American youth. The tale is published by the Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. The illustrations, by Will Crawford, are good.

A BEAUTY CHASE.

Just how far some women will go in order to increase what they regard as their personal attractiveness may never be determined, but circumstances seem to indicate that it is a long way. A recent case in point is that of a charming matron, the wife of a physician, who concluded, some time ago, that she was too stout and set about remedying the supposed evil. At first she spoke to her husband about the matter, but he laughed at her notion and called her a goose. This should perhaps have settled the matter, and the wife now fervently wishes that it had. In a vague sort of way she knew that Turkish baths were sometimes taken to reduce weight, and to this form of treatment she resorted. At first she took one a week, then two, and so on until finally she was being steamed and kneaded twice a day.

The treatment produced the result for which she had hoped and she triumphantly informed her husband of what she was doing. The horrified doctor put an immediate stop to the insanity, but serious mischief was already done. The wife's blood had been impoverished to an alarming extent, and in a day or two she developed a bad case of hives, from which she suffers intolerably. The disease is intermittent and when it attacks her she falls into what resembles an epileptic fit. At such times it becomes necessary to drug her into a state of coma on account of the itching agony she suffers. For months she has been undergoing a course of most rigid treatment, and there is now prospect of recovery.—*Chicago Chronicle*.



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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Miss Florence Garrison has gone to Milwaukee to spend some weeks.

Mr. James Tulley left, Tuesday night, for the Michigan and Wisconsin resorts.

Dr. and Mrs. A. V. Brokaw have gone to spend several weeks at Waupaca, Wis.

Miss Alvein Rehbein has gone to Gloucester, Mass., to spend the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kilpatrick are spending the summer on the New England coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lemp have gone to South Haven, Mich., to remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Thomas W. Crouch and Miss Ida Crouch are at Chatham, Mass., where they have a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Birge, with their family, have been spending the summer at Charlevoix, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Roberts are among the St. Louisans gathered at Jamestown, R. I., for the summer.

Mrs. B. F. Givens, of Cabanne, with her little daughter, has joined a party of friends at Ottawa Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. I. A. M'Girk have been receiving congratulations upon the recent advent of a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Bass left last week for the North, spending several weeks at the Canadian summer resorts.

Mrs. J. T. Wallace, with her two daughters is at present spending several weeks at the Eastern sea coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brace left last Saturday for Rhode Island, where they will spend several weeks at Watch Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kennard left some time ago for Milwaukee, Wis., where they will remain until cooler weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buckner have a cottage, "Idle Hour," at South Haven, Mich., where they are entertaining Miss Lycett.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lemp, Jr., who have been for some time in the East, are at present in New York City, for a short time.

Mrs. R. K. Walker, accompanied by her little grandson, left Monday for South Haven, Mich., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser.

Mrs. Rhodes H. Cox, accompanied by a party of friends, left last week to spend the remainder of the summer at Lake Geneva, Wis.

Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant left, yesterday, for Virginia, where she will spend several weeks at White Sulphur Springs and other points.

Mrs. E. P. O'Hara, of Lindell Boulevard, accompanied by her daughters, Misses Beulah and Oneida O'Hara, are summering at Saranac Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Festus J. Wade, with their daughters, Misses Stella and Marie Wade, returned to St. Louis a short time ago, after a Continental tour.

Miss Marie Walsh will go, in a few days, to Jamestown, R. I., where she will spend some time with Miss Maude Niedringhaus at the Thorndyke Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. M'Ghee will move, in about a week, to their handsome new home in Westminster place, which was lately presented to Mrs. M'Ghee by her husband.

Mrs. A. H. Handlan who, with her daughters, has been visiting various Western and Canadian points, has now gone to the Avery Beach Hotel, South Haven, for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Charles Perry Basye left last week, accompanied by Miss Lucy Markle, Mrs. Charles Markle and Mr. Sam Markle, for South Haven, Mich., where they will remain through August and September.

Col. and Mrs. Ernest Peugnet, who have been all summer in the East, came back a fortnight ago, Mrs. Peugnet going to South Haven, Mich., for the remainder of the summer, where Mr. Peugnet will join her to return home.

Col. and Mrs. J. G. Butler have returned to their yacht, the *Duquesne*, after a stay of a fortnight at the Waldorf Astoria, and have joined the cruise of the New York yacht club. They have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blossom, of St. Louis.

Miss Helen Gempp, who is one of the popular South Side belles, has just won a golf championship, at Frontenac. She has been for several weeks visiting Mrs. Arthur Magnus, of Chicago, a daughter of Mrs. Adolphus Busch, at her cottage, at Thousand Islands.

Announcement has lately been made at Long Branch of the engagement of Miss Grace Frank, of St. Louis, and Mr. Charles Lawrence Greenhall, of New York. Miss Frank is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Frank, of 4404 West Pine boulevard, who have been summering at Long Branch.

Mrs. R. F. Leggatt accompanied by Mrs. Jesse Carleton and Miss Frances Carleton, are at present spending some time at Grand Haven, Mich., where they will remain until September 15th, when they will go to New York to meet Miss Ruth Leggatt, who has been abroad all summer.

Shoes are a sign of one's taste. The well-shod person is very apt to be a thoroughbred. If you would be well shod, go to Swope's, where the shoes are the best in fit, in finish, in wearing quality, in price. This is a truism. Everybody knows it. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS IN GERMANY.

The recent death, in Leipsic, of Fraulein Auguste Schmidt, for years one of the ablest leaders of the German movement for larger social and educational opportunities for women, has called forth respectful tributes to her ability and to her high ideals from many German newspapers. Like Frau Luise Otto-Peters, who died in 1895, Fraulein Schmidt was a pioneer in this field of activity, entering it when the slightest connection with the woman's rights movement entailed unlimited abuse and ridicule. Their opponents were quick to say that it was not more schools and industrial openings for women at which these agitators really aimed, but the upsetting of the entire social order and the unsexing of women. They were, therefore, ranked with the Anarchists, Social Democrats, even when Auguste Schmidt declined to let Social Democratic women's clubs enter the national association of women's clubs, which she had founded after an American model. That Fraulein Schmidt should have lived long enough to see old prejudices overthrown in many directions, and to have won respectful obituaries even from her severest critics, is proof positive of the marked change in the status of women which has taken place in Germany within the last thirty, or even twenty, years.

Herself a teacher, it was her knowledge of the difficulties besetting young women, who desired to become really qualified instructors, that first led Auguste Schmidt into movements designed to benefit her countrywomen as a whole. With Frau Otto-Peters she founded, 1865, the Leipsic society for the education of women. By 1890 she was able to take part in the establishment of a national women teachers' association, and, in 1895, she became the first president of the League of German Women's clubs, already referred to. In 1865 she was one of two or three German women to dare to speak in public. In 1902 she not only saw her cause warmly championed by the political party numerically strongest in the empire, but even heard the minister of the interior declare in the Reichstag that much must be done to widen the present industrial opportunities for women. Anyone familiar with the ordinary German attitude towards women, and the intense feeling existing, ten or fifteen years ago, against those engaged in industrial pursuits, must admit that Auguste Schmidt and her fellow laborers voiced from the beginning a tendency and a movement of the times which can no more be stayed by German conservatism than by French prejudice or American indifference.

No one would have dreamed, twenty years ago, that an imperial minister would have dared to ask great industrial openings for women, who outnumber the men in Germany by no less than a million souls. Nor would any German professor have ventured, in the eighties, to declare publicly, as Professor

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THE ONLY ESSENTIAL.

A Philadelphian recently had occasion to visit the chief physician of the asylum for the insane at Columbus, O., and was shown through the institution by the physician and the superintendent, who told him many interesting anecdotes about the various inmates. One, an Irishman from Steubenville, that State, had been brought to the asylum at a time when it was filled almost to its capacity, and the superintendent, turning to one of the physicians, had asked: "Doctor, what ward would we better put this new man into?"

The Irishman, recognizing that he was the new man referred to, spoke up and said:

"Indade, an' I car-re very little what war-rd yez put me into, so long as it bez Dimmocratic!"—*Philadelphia Times*.

MOST DESIRABLE EXEMPTION—She: "I wish I were a bird." He: "So you could fly to my arms?" She: "No; so I couldn't have the toothache."—*Chicago News*.



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Harnack did last May, that the woman's educational movement is in every sense praiseworthy, and that the woman without a profession or occupation is a dead weight in the community. He confidently expects an improvement in the morals of men and women and better relations between the sexes, as a result of the changes now taking place.—*New York Evening Post*.

The automobile industry is growing. The types of electric, steam and gasoline carriages now being put out are of the best. Improvements are being, and have been, made, that have increased the popularity of the automobile sport considerably, and that combine the utmost of pleasure and speed with the utmost of safety. There has been no increase in prices; manufacturers are anxious to keep prices upon a reasonable basis, and thus to enlarge the demand for carriages. The Toledo Steam Carriage seems to have struck popular fancy. There is no hand-pumping; the encased engine is running in oil-bath, and the carriage is said to be one of the best on the market. Among the electric types, the "Columbia" and "Waverly" are the most in demand, while the "Fournier-Searchmont," the "Spaulding," and the "Toledo Gasoline Car" are leading in the gasoline group. All these machines may be bought at very reasonable prices from the Mississippi Valley Automobile Co., 3935-37 Olive street, St. Louis.

THE WORST EVER.

"I can't imagine anything more unsatisfactory than a meal at our boarding house," said the chronic kicker.

"No?" replied the impressionable young man. "Evidently you never got a kiss from your best girl over the telephone"—*Philadelphia Press*.

HOW TO JUDGE.

Finnicus: You can't judge a man by the clothes he wears.

Cynnicus: But you can by those his wife wears.—*Washington Times*.

TWO DEFINITIONS.—"What is ability?" "Ability is that to which a man owes his own success." "And what is luck?" "Luck is that to which all others owe their success."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

SUMMER SHOWS.

THE WIZARD OF THE NILE.

Victor Herbert has written no prettier and "catchier" music than that composed for the prolific Harry B. Smith's absurd story of the "Wizard of the Nile," and the interpretation accorded the mellifluous melodies and the simple harmonies by Conductor McGhee and his fine orchestra at Delmar Garden, this week, is most appreciative and spirited.

Much of this appreciation and spirit also prevails among the people engaged in exploiting the work on the other side of the footlights. The Misses Williams, Reynolds and Chapman especially evince the liveliest interest in their work and make the most of their opportunities, to say nothing of a Junoesque person named Mattie Martz, who, as *Obeliska*, captain of the Amazons, speaks and sings dashing, and whose pleasing copiousness strains a pair of pink silk tights almost to the bursting point.

Miss Williams, becomingly garbed, sings and acts discreetly the role of the youthful *Cleopatra*, and Miss Chapman, as her shrewish stepmother is, as always, effective in the delivery of the scolding speeches, and, incidentally sings with much skill the difficult incantation in the first act.

Miss Reynolds was excellent as the boy *Abydos*, apprentice to the wizard. This young woman has verified Manager Kingsbury's prediction of her ultimate success as a comic opera soubrette. Her growth has been at once steady and rapid, from the first week of the season, and the improvement in her singing and speaking voice is most marked.

The male members of the Delmar Company, with the exception of Mr. Frank Blair, have little opportunity in this Herbert-Smith opera. Mr. Blair, whose *Hans Nix*, in "The Telephone Girl," demonstrated his qualifications for "star" comedy parts, plays *Kibosh*, the wizard. Coming before a St. Louis audience in the part after Frank Daniels, Fred Frear and Frank Moulan, Mr. Blair's row is indeed a hard one, but he does it to the evident satisfaction of the Delmar clientele.

Harry Davies and Eddie Clark do the best possible with scant material.

Two bright, pretty girls, named Gertrude Conley and Marietta Carber, play small parts effectively and "general" the chorus skillfully. So intelligent and comely a lot of choristers as the girls at the Delmar has never been seen in a summer production in this city. Most of the members of Mr. Kingsbury's chorus look so smart and demean themselves with so much ease, that they give one the impression that they have just seceded from the ranks of the "Florodora" or "Liberty Belles" companies.

The Peerless Papinta's magnificent dances, at Forest Park Highlands, this week, have captured the town. It is a physical pleasure as well as a feast for the eye these cool nights to see her volcano dance. Her "Study in Red" is a charming Quartier Latin painting, and the "Dream of Light," with which she closes her number, is glorious to behold. With such a feast for the eye as is offered by Papinta, and a feast for the ear, furnished by the great basso, Eugene Cowles, the Highlands has two top cards that could not be equaled in any other summer garden. Papinta will remain only one more week. Baby Lund, the most charming of all child dancers, Lew Sully, the best of talkers and topical singers, the Onris,

globe trotters, the Macarte sisters, three pretty girls with a reputation of being the finest female acrobats in the world, make up next week's bill at the Highlands. The Ostrich farm should not be neglected by visitors to the Highlands. These birds are very interesting to those who have never seen them, and their trainer always gives an interesting talk about the habits of the ostriches on their native heath.

This week's programme at the West End Heights is distinctly good and elaborate. It is calculated to attract the public to shows which have become decidedly popular. The management has an eye to variety in entertainment. This week's audiences are highly pleased with the acrobatic dances of the three Faust Sisters; the unique songs by Mureal, a French lady vocalist; the ventriloquistic performances of Bingham; the singing and dancing by Fossen and McCauley, and acts by Kitty Bingham, soubrette. The Budd Brothers are considered excellent comedians and have made quite a hit with St. Louisans. The Cassidy and Armstrong musical sketch is very amusing and divertingly clever. Taken all in all, this week's performance at the Heights is worth seeing. It is a good summer show, that appeals to all shades of taste. That the organization is appreciated may be inferred from the steadily-increasing audiences. The management is thoroughly progressive in every respect.

At Koerner's Garden, the Buhler-Rising-Kemble combination gives a very attractive representation of "Camille," which is drawing good audiences every night. Koerner's Garden is doing well; it entertains the public with a variety of plays that appeals to the better if somewhat old-fashioned taste of summer theater visitors. There is something new every week, in the way of a revival of old favorites, and it is truly remarkable to note what a hold those old favorites have upon the audiences. Next week "Carmen."

William Pruette, the singer, was one of a group of married men who were discussing housekeeping and servants, the other evening, in a Philadelphia hotel corridor. He told of a girl who served him and Mrs. Pruette well enough while they were living in a New York flat, several years ago, and who one day went to Mrs. Pruette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days—she had a telegram telling that her mother was ill.

"Of course, go," said Mrs. Pruette, "only, Maggie, do not stay longer than is necessary. We need you."

Maggie promised to return as soon as possible, and hurried away. A week passed without a word from her; then came a note by mail, reading:

"Dear Mrs Pruette, I will be back nex week an pleser kep my place for me, mother is dying as fast as she can. To oblidg
MAGGIE"

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Yes, count, in all the park there is no place I like so well as under this old, old tree." (Sighing sentimentally.) "There are tender associations, you see." "Aha. I comprehend, mam'selle. You have yourself planted the tree."—*Punch.*

APPRECIATION—*He:* "Have you bought my new book yet?" *She:* "Yes; and it's the prettiest thing on my center-table."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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MODERN VARIETY.

Squidig: "I had a terrible nightmare last
night. I thought that an automobile ran me
down."

Swinnigen: "That was a horseless night-
mare."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*



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WESTERN GIRLS' WINNING WAYS.

A New York theatrical manager has noticed for some time that Western girls succeed better on the stage than their Eastern sisters. After giving some consideration to this circumstance—which surprised him a good deal, he being an Eastern man—he has arrived at the conclusion that the West is the East revitalized. "To the world of art," he says, "the Western girl brings a breeziness and freshness which carry her along over obstacles which others have come to regard as insurmountable. From the breadth of the West she steps into the road ruts of the East and never knows they are there. She is of the second generation, whose fathers burst the bonds of Eastern narrowness and took to the strength and breadth of the West. She is strong, physically and mentally. There is a fearlessness about her which leads her to investigate where others only observe, to experiment where others are passive. Not long since, noticing one of these girls who look at life through the eyes of nature, standing in the wings night after night, watching the performance, I asked her why she was not in her dressing room. 'I like to watch the others, and to think how I would act the parts,' she replied. Fearlessness and originality were forcing their way to the front. The girl did not say, 'I could do it like the others.' That would have been imitation. She had no idea of anything but her own conception of how things should be done. Given the chance, she would do them in her own way, too, and probably to the satisfaction of her audience."

The same manager says that another evidence of Western breadth and depth is observable in the voices. Deep mezzo sopranos and round, full contraltos are the rule. Western girls sing because nature intended they should. They have good lungs and well poised, evenly developed bodies. Because of their naturalness they are devoid of self-consciousness and they adapt themselves readily to new conditions.

AN ACCIDENT POLICY.

A very large book indeed might be filled from cover to cover with well-authenticated accounts of insurance policies (in every branch of the business) which matured within a surprisingly short time after the first premium was paid. "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day," is an excellent maxim to act upon at all times and in connection with every matter, especially in regard to insurance. Shakespeare said: "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it was done quickly." An apt illustration of this was furnished lately in the case of a man who was accidentally killed within two hours after being insured. A newly-appointed agent of an accident insurance company met a friend to whom he owed a dollar. On paying over that small sum, it occurred to him to strike the other for an accident policy. The reply was: "I don't care for it; but if it will be of any assistance to you at all, why, take back this dollar and give me its value in accident insurance." We do not know whether the dollar was a monthly payment or otherwise; but, at all events, on the day the policy was issued the man was killed, and his widow became entitled to \$1,000, which was paid over to her with promptitude.

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QUEER CHICAGO.

What queer ways they do have in Chicago? If a man has money in his possession, he is immediately an object of suspicion. Mr. E. J. Arnold, who owns one of the largest strings of race horses in the West, and is one of the most prominent bookmakers of St. Louis, happened to land in the Windy City, and, it becoming known that he had \$10,000 in his inside pocket, and other lucre arriving by express for him, which he proceeded to appropriate to his own use and behoof, the police thought they had "got on" to something "big," and proceeded to place him under surveillance.

Mr. Arnold is one of the most successful turfmen in the country. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and the "winners" seem to have a decided habit of coming his way. Consequently, his bank account is always quite bulky, running into six figures. In St. Louis, the firm of which he is a member, is noted for its square-dealing, successful operations and prompt payment of all obligations. It's funny that a man should be arrested simply because he has money in his clothes.

THE KING A GOOD FELLOW.

English solicitude for the recovery of King Edward has been inspired by something besides the circumstance that he happened to be the head of the state. The man is liked. How he is regarded by the multitude may best be gathered from the phrase which the man in the street is nearly sure to employ. "The king's a good fellow," he will say.

He does not credit him with remarkable gifts of mind or person, or with a character exemplary at every point. His skepticism as to the divine right of kings is probably even more pronounced than the American's. But to him the reigning sovereign is a likable person, of good abilities and more than common tact, not unworthy of the part he has to play under the British constitution.

A story is going the rounds which is characteristic alike of the man and his office. Not long ago the king paid an unexpected visit to a boys' school on the south coast, and, after the manner of school visitors, monarchical or republican, began to question the youngsters. He asked them to name some of the great kings of England, and the boys eagerly suggested Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, Richard I. Edward I. Henry VIII, and so on. One of the smallest lads, to whom the master had privately whispered something, volunteered "Edward VII."

The king beamed. "Ah, my boy," he said, "and what great thing has Edward VII done?"

The little fellow hung his head and said he did not know.

"Don't let that distress you," said the king. "I don't know, either."

Whether the incident actually happened or not it has ideal truth in that it illustrates at once the limitations of monarchy under the British system and the king's humor and humorous perception of them.

Edward VII has done nothing great. But in his state functions he has done nothing badly. His long novitiate as Prince of Wales, whatever else it may have done, made him a thorough man of the world. He came into contact with all sorts of people, and while all of the company he kept was not edifying, his experience with men and affairs left him a better judge of human nature and British sentiment than many a

monarch who has made a larger mark on his time.

TROUBLE FOR THE MAID.

The two young men reached the door at the same time.

"Is Miss Walsingham in?" they asked.

The maid looked at them and shook her head disconsolately.

"She's in to one av ye, an' out to the other," she said at last; "but the two av ye comin' together has got me so tangled I'm blest if I know which is which. But come right in, both av ye, an' I'll ask her to come down an' pick ye out."—Chicago Post.

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NEXT CARMEN NEXT



A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

In a recent address President Schurman, of Cornell, lucidly explained what he considers a liberal education—what constitutes the humanities and the extent to which these should form a part of the elective system. President Schurman's remarks are sound and excellent, and should be helpful to every student.

Fundamentally considered, Dr. Schurman says, there are but two kinds of studies—those relating to man, which may be called humanistic studies, and those relating to nature, which may be called naturalistic studies. And since the proper study of mankind is man, the former is the more important of the two. Lord Kelvin, the greatest living physicist, has said that every student of physics should previously have had a training in the humanities.

Without discrimination and for the purpose of catching a broad glimpse of the subject, Mr. Schurman throws together as the humanities English, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, history, economics, politics and philosophy. "Without these there is no humane or liberal culture," yet with them, "culture is restricted unless the soul's session has been opened to the natures and laws of the material world by the study of some physical science."

History and reflection bring us to the same conclusion. "The indispensable materials of a liberal education are, first of all, and most important of all, the humanities, and, secondly, the science of nature." But no one can study all the languages, literatures, history and political science now offered at our universities. The student must make selections, and President Schurman advises him to put first the English language and literature and the history of our own country, and to add to these one ancient and one modern language—preferably Latin and German.

He believes that a liberal education is quite possible without either Greek or Latin, though not without literary culture of some sort, which is, "the first essential of a liberal education."

The criterion by which the student should elect the studies he is to pursue must be not professional efficiency, but cultured manhood. "Every boy needs a deeper culture and a broader mental development than that which merely fits him for the understanding and practice of his profession," and Mr. Schurman might have added, business. Culture, knowledge for its own sake, the broad intellectual interests of the race, should be the first concern of the student, and preparation for his profession or business career only a secondary consideration.—*Chicago Post.*

CHOP SUEY.

Chop suey, the national dish of China for at least twenty-five centuries, bids fair to become a standard food in this country. There are some sixty Chinese restaurants scattered over the different boroughs of Greater New York whose chief attraction is this popular composition, and several American restaurants have endeavored to take advantage of its popularity by adding it to their daily bill-of-fare. There is a ridiculous amount of mystery concerning the dish. It is simple, economical and easily made. The general formula is as follows: One pound of moderately lean fresh pork, cut into pieces a quarter of an inch thick, a half

of an inch wide and an inch long; two chicken livers, chopped up to the size of dice, two chicken gizzards, cut into slices the size of a nickel, and each ring pinked with the lines almost meeting in the center.

The heat of cooking causes the fibers to shrink, and converts the circle into a many-pointed star. A quarter of a pound of celery cut into slivers, a quarter of a pound of canned mushrooms, and a quarter of a pound of green peas, chopped string beans, asparagus tips, bean sprouts or salsify. These are thrown into a frying pan over a hot fire, covered with a cup of water, four tablespoons of peanut oil, olive oil, or melted butter, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, half a clove of garlic, grated salt, white pepper and red pepper.

If the fire is hot enough, these will cook in five minutes. The contents of the pan should be stirred to prevent burning, and the moment the water boils out, fresh water should be added in small quantities, to prevent frying. The dish should be served promptly, and is not only palatable but wholesome and easily digested. In place of pork, mutton can be employed, while chicken liver and gizzard may be replaced by those of the turkey. Some Chinese cooks use the Indian soy, which is sweeter. The effect can be imitated by adding a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and another of brown sugar or a teaspoonful of molasses. An agreeable modification results from the use of asparagus tips along with the other vegetable ingredients, while the Singapore variety is obtained by stirring in a tablespoonful of curry paste. In the Chinese restaurants the cost varies from ten to twenty-five cents a plate, the more expensive dish containing a fair amount of the best imported French mushrooms.—*New York Evening Post.*

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Arrive Indianapolis	2:50 pm	6:10 pm	4:05 am	7:25 am
" Cincinnati	6:00 pm	9:05 pm	7:30 am	10:55 am
" Cleveland	10:20 pm	1:40 am	2:30 pm	2:55 pm
" Buffalo	2:55 am	6:18 am	7:25 pm	7:25 pm
" New York	2:55 pm	6:00 pm	7:50 am	7:50 am
" Boston	4:55 pm	9:03 pm	10:10 am	10:10 am

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FROHMAN'S NEW PLAYS.

Charles Frohman recently returned to New York from a six months' stay in Europe, where he has been securing new plays and arranging with nearly all the leading English stars for tours of America. In an interview he thus outlined his New York campaign for the coming theatrical season:

"Maude Adams, who is now in Switzerland, will not re-appear until November, when she will take up the role of *Rosalind* in 'As You Like It,' for the first time and also revive 'L'Aiglon' and 'The Little Minister.' Later she will appear in a new play. Annie Russell will continue to play in 'The Girl and the Judge' until the New Lyceum is ready. She will open it in Madeleine Lucette Ryley's comedy of 'Mice and Men,' which has been one of the principal successes of the London season, with Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in the leading roles. In November, William Gillette will play a four weeks' engagement at the Knickerbocker in 'Sherlock Holmes,' and he will use that drama on his tour. I have not decided on a play for William Faversham. He will use either Sir Gilbert Parker's dramatization of his novel, 'The Right of Way,' or an unnamed drama by Paul M. Potter. William H. Crane will remain under my management, continuing in 'David Harum' this season.

"The biggest of my new productions will be Stephen Phillips' 'Ulysses,' for which I have secured Beerbohm Tree's beautiful production. Mr. Phillips is coming to America to stage it. I will give it about holiday time, and probably at the Garden. I have also arranged that Henry Arthur Jones shall come to this country to produce his play that is to be seen in London in September. Two of Clyde Fitch's pieces are finished, and I am arranging to produce them in November. They are called 'The Girl With the Green Eyes' and 'A Bird in a Cage.' Mrs. Clara Bloodgood will appear in the former. I have accepted unnamed plays by Captain Robert Marshall and Jerome K. Jerome, and 'My Lady Virtue,' by Henry V. Esmond. The latter will be produced first at the London Garrick, in September. George Edwards and I will bring over the musical farce of 'Three Little Maids.' My French purchases include the sensation of Paris and London, 'Heard at the Telephone,' and 'The Two Schools,' by Alfred Capus. From London I will bring 'The Country Mouse,' in which Annie Hughes has had a six months' run at the Prince of Wales' and Criterion; Anthony Hope's satirical comedy of 'Pilkerton's Peerage,' the pantomime 'Bluebell,' and 'The Mummy and the Humming-Bird,' which Sir Charles Wyndham produced last fall. It is by an American, Isaac Henderson.

"My dramatizations from novels for this year, besides 'The Right of Way,' are Anthony Hope's story of 'The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard,' which he will make into a play, and an arrangement of Peter Dunne's Dooley sketches, by Edward E. Rose.

"I will open the Criterion Theater with William H. Crane in 'David Harum' for a short engagement. The last week in September I will produce Pinero's 'Iris' there with Virginia Harned as the star. She will be supported by an exceptional company, including Hilda Spong and Oscar Ashe, of the original cast, who has been loaned to me by Beerbohm Tree. Dion Boucicault will come to America to stage 'Iris.' Fol-

lowing Miss Harned's engagement, Julia Marlowe will take possession of the Criterion, and perhaps finish out the season there. Her first production will be 'La Reine Fiamette.'

"Mrs. Patrick Campbell will re-open the Garden Theater, starting with 'Aunt Jeanie,' by E. F. Benson, author of 'Dodo,' and probably doing Sudermann and Maeterlinck plays during her engagement.

"John Drew will, as usual, re-open the Empire the first week in September. I have not yet decided which of two new plays he will produce. In December my stock company will return, with Margaret Anglin and Charles Richman again as its leading members.

"I will re-open the Garrick early with 'There's Many a Slip,' Captain Marshall's adaptation of 'The Ladies' Battle,' which will be produced about the same time at the London Haymarket, by Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery. That play will bring back to New York Jessie Millward and introduce the Earl of Rosslyn and Beatrice Irving. Sydney Herbert, who has been in London a year in 'Sherlock Holmes,' and Leo Ditrichstein will be the other leaders in the cast. Charles Hawtrey may appear at the Garrick for a short engagement in 'A Message from Mars,' which he will use on his tour, saving 'The Man from Blankley's' for a spring production. He returns in October. In January, I will bring Mrs. Langtry and her London company to the Garrick in 'Mlle. Mars,' by Paul Kester, the American dramatist.


"September 1st is the date for the re-opening of the Savoy, when Robert Edeson will re-appear in Richard Harding Davis' 'Soldiers of Fortune.' My first new production there will be in October, with Ethel Barrymore as the star. Owing to his illness, Clyde Fitch has been unable to finish 'The Flirt,' in which she was to appear, so I will put on some other play in connection with 'Carrots,' a one-act play from the Theater Antoine, in Paris.

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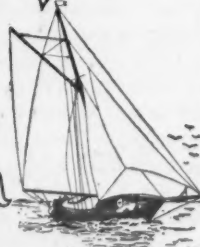


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THE STOCK MARKET.

The monetary situation has once more moved into the foreground of Wall street discussions. The bank statement issued last Saturday was anything but favorable. It disclosed a decrease in surplus reserves of more than \$4,000,000, and the Associated Banks now hold only about \$9,250,000 above legal requirements. In view of the approach of the crop-moving season, it cannot be said that there is any reason to be very optimistic about the money market's course in the next three months, especially when it is considered that the foreign exchange situation is still precarious. The gold shipments have ceased, temporarily, owing to the rise in sterling at Paris, but there is now a strong possibility that London will soon begin pulling for yellow metal. Late statements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer have made it quite plain that the financial position in London is not reassuring, and that the Bank of England will be unable to be very liberal in its accommodations to borrowers until its supplies have been increased and Government requirements been provided for.

Sterling exchange in the New York market is still strong. The only thing that will pull it down to any extent is an increase in foreign exchange bills, or a tightening of interest rates. Competent observers are agreed that higher money rates cannot be avoided. The only and the most important question is whether there will be such a stiffening of rates that heavy liquidation in Wall street will be inevitable. According to the London *Statist*, demand for funds at New York will be so heavy this fall that it will lead to shipments of gold to America. It is not very likely, however, that the prediction of our British authority will be fulfilled. There will have to be a disturbing rise in interest rates, or a very material enlargement of the supply of foreign exchange bills to make gold imports profitable.

Shipments of funds to the interior are expected to be heavy, owing to the immense crops everywhere. The tendency will be away from New York until late in October, and it is not at all improbable that total shipments to the interior will mount up to at least \$40,000,000. In the face of all this, it is not very reasonable to look for a boom in stocks in the near future. The late advance in various issues has been of a highly manipulative character. The public has not cut much figure in it. The Chicago gamblers have done their utmost to attract outsiders, so as to be able to unload their stuff, but it is very doubtful whether their profits have been sufficient to compensate them for their troubles and energy expended. There has been entirely too much gambling, rigging and jackscrewing in Wall street in the last few months. The result has been that the average level of prices has been lifted very materially. Leading stocks, with few exceptions, are beyond their true level, at least for the time being. The investment return has been reduced so much that conservative people can find absolutely no inducement to buy any more. They prefer to hold what they have, or to take profits in some directions, in anticipation of a lowering of values before long.

Would-be purchasers of American stocks should pay some heed to rumors of rate wars, and conflicts among powerful interests. While it is poor policy to borrow trouble, it would be still poorer policy to overlook any and all signs of danger. While railroads are enjoying wonderful

prosperity, it may not be amiss to remember that the same state of affairs prevailed in 1883, when stocks were booming. In that year, earnings increased by \$17,000,000 over the record of 1882. But, very suddenly, while everything looked serene, the financial world was startled by news of a rate-war, which caused railroad earnings and stocks to come down with a "sickening thud." It may also be timely to call attention to the fact that American railroad financiers, in 1882-83, were engaged in plans which resulted in an expansion of capital stock by \$301,000,000, of funded debt by \$335,000,000, and of floating indebtedness by \$44,000,000. There is, indeed, a remarkable resemblance between the things of that period and of 1901-02. The pending strife between the Gould and Pennsylvania interests is not a very encouraging symptom. While the average Wall street speculator may be disposed to exclaim: "A plague on both your houses," thinking financiers are on the alert and watching the progress of events very closely. The Harriman, Gould and Rockefeller interests appear to be united in opposition to the Morgan-Pennsylvania-Hill group of railroad magnates. It would be very hazardous to make the assertion that there is a superfluity of peace in the American railroad world.

Every other day, we are fed with reports from London that Englishmen are buying American stocks. The course of prices does not bear this out, however. If they are buying our stuff, it is likely that they are engaged in covering short sales. In the early months of 1902, the British, in utter disregard of the bitter experience they had in 1901, sold a good many calls on American stocks, expecting, of course, that prices would recede all along the line. The persistent rise since then has evidently created a scare in Lombard street and caused heavy purchases against call contracts. Besides, if there had been such large *bona fide* purchases of our stocks by foreigners, the sterling exchange market would not have reached a stage where gold exports permitted of a profit. All these reports and rumors about the enthusiastic attitude of foreign cousins towards our stocks should be taken *cum grano salis*.

Conjectures about coming transformations in railway systems in the South and Southwest are rife. It seems that Gates' bold coup of last spring, in "cornering" Louisville & Nashville, gave the start for the floating of new deals and schemes. That there is something going on seems to be generally admitted. But there is evidence that Morgan's masterly hand is partly guided in its operations by Pennsylvania interests, who are trying to circumvent or handicap the Goulds and their allies in ambitious schemes of various kinds. The Reading, the Norfolk & Western and the Central, of Georgia, have been drawn into the seething vortex. The final result of this brew in the witches' cauldron promises to be unusually interesting. The fortunes of the stock market will be vitally affected by it.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Dullness continues. Brokers are growing a little more hopeful, however, with the approach of the fall months. They expect a considerable increase in orders in the near future. They say bank and trust company shares will receive considerable attention in the coming bull movement, and that the top has not as yet been seen. Their optimism

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is of a virile nature; it cannot be downed, and it is so persistent that it cannot but infect the ranks of investors and speculators.

Third National maintains its lead. It is steadily climbing, and its friends repeat their prediction that it will eventually sell at 400. The buying has been significant in the past week, although it was on a rather small scale. State National, Boatmen's and Fourth National are "tipped" for a rise. Among the Trust Company issues, Missouri, Germania and Colonial are the most favorably spoken of.

St. Louis Transit insiders cannot cease harping upon the large revenues of the company. They find much encouragement in them, and continue to urge purchases of

Transit at current prices. The stock has been slow and dull of late.

Bank clearances are increasing at a less phenomenal rate at present, but banks predict a big business for the rest of the year. Money rates are firm. Sterling is steady at \$4 88 $\frac{3}{8}$.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

F. H. R.—You have evidently made a mistake. Experience should have taught you that such propositions are fakish. The other stock you mention is fairly safe.

S. F. McM.—Would not advise you to buy it at present. You will have a chance to get it at a lower price. Don't be deceived by current rumors of a deal.

S. T.—Don't be in such a hurry. T. C. & I.

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 1/4-103
Park 6	A O	April 1, 1906	109 -110
Property (cur) 6	A O	Apr 10, 1906	10 -111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	Jan 25, 1907	101 1/4-101 3/4
" " 4	A O	Apr 10, 1908	104 -105 1/4
" " 3 1/2	J D	Dec, 1909	102 1/2-103
" " 3 1/2	F A	July 1, 1918	111 -112
" " 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 -105
" " 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" " 3 1/2	M N	Nov 2, 1911	107 -108
" " 3 1/2	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/2-108 1/2
" " 3 1/2	M N	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/2-110
" " 3 1/2	J D	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" " 3 1/2	M N	May 1, 1915	104 -105
" " 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 1/4-103
" " 3 1/2	A O	Apr 1, 1902	101 -101 1/4
World's Fair 3 1/2			
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 23,856,277
Assessment			352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.,			
Funding 6.	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/4-105 1/4
3 1/2.	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 -104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 -106
" 4.	A O	Apr 1, 1914	104 -106
" 4 5-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 -106
" 4 10-20.	J D	July 1, 1919	105 -107
" 4 10-20.	J D	June 1, 1920	104 -106
" 3 1/2.	J J	July 1, 1921	101 -103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	83 -84
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	107 -109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104 -106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 -101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10.	1904	99 -101 1/4
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	103 1/2-108 1/4
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 1/2-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s	1929	115 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1830	112 1/2-113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s.	1921	115 -116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s.	1927	92 -93
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	95 1/2-96
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s.	1919	101 -104
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1921	100 -101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	101 1/2-105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 -80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	July, '02, 2 Qy	329 -331
Boatmen's.	100	July, '02, 3 1/2 SA	242 -245
Bremen Sav.	100	July, '02, 8 SA	325 -350
Fourth National	100	May, '02, 5 SA	335 -340
Franklin	100	June, '02, 4 SA	180 -200
German Savings	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	400 -410
German-Amer.	100	Jan. '02, 20 SA	775 -825
International.	100	June '02, 1 1/2 Qy	177 -185
Jefferson	100	July '02, 3 Qy	198 -200
Lafayette.	100	July '02, 10 SA	325 -374
Mechanic's Nat.	100	July '02, 2 1/2 Qy	290 -295
Merch.-Laclede.	100	June '02, 2 Qy	290 -295
Northwestern.	100	July '02, 4 SA	180 -205
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July '02, 2 1/2 Qy	123 -132
South Side	100	May, '02, 3 SA	223 -225
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. '02, 3 SA	115 -125
Southern com.	100	July '02, 3 SA	214 -220
State National.	100	June, '02, 3 SA	334 -335
Third National.	100	Mar. '02, 2 Qy	334 -335
Vandeventer Bk.	100		110 -120

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		177 -178
Colonial	100		216 -218
Com'nw'th T. Co.	100	July, '02, 2 Qr.	306 -314
Lincoln	100	June, '02, 2 Qy	270 -271
Miss. Valley.	100	July, '02, 3 Qr.	4 5 -448
St. Louis Union.	100	July, '02, 2 1/2 Qr	383 -385
Title Trust	100	July, '02, 1 1/2 Qy	117 -118
Mercantile	100	Aug, '02, 1 Mo	424 1/2-425
Missouri Trust.	100		121 1/2-125
Ger. Trust Co.	100		209 1/2-210

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s	J & J	1912 101 -102
Citizens' 20s 6s	J & J	1907 108 -109
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M & N 2	1905 105 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	F & A	1911 106 -107
Comp. Helg'ts U. D. 6s	J & J	1913 115 -116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J & J	1913 115 -116
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s.	M & N	1896 105 -106
People's.	Dec. '89, 50c	
do 1st Mtg 6s 20s.	J & D	1912 98 -103
do 2d Mtg 7s.	M & N	1902 98 -103
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2	100 -
do 1st 6s.	J & J	1925 103 -107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M & N	1910 101 -101 1/2
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J & J	1913 102 1/2-104
St. L. & Sub.		83 -84
do Con. 5s	F & A	1921 104 1/2-105 1/2
do Cable & Wt. 6s.	M & N	1914 117 -120
do Meramec Rv. 6s	M & N	1916 113 1/2-114
do Incomes 5s.		100 -100
Southern 1st 6s.	M & N	1901 104 -106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 -108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s.	F & A	1916 107 -108
U. D. 25s 6s	J & D	1918 120 1/2-121
E. St. Louis & Sub.	A & O	1932 98 -99
E. St. Louis & Sub.		84 1/2-84 1/2
United Ry's Pfd.	July '02, 1 1/2	87 1/2-87 1/2
" 4 p. c. 50s	J & J	87 1/2-87 1/2
St. Louis Transit.		30 1/2-31

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	Jan. '02, 4 p. c.	280 -282

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	July '02, 1/2	32 -33
Bell Telephone.	100	July '02, 1 1/2 Qy	91 -92
Bonne Terre F.C	100	May, '02, 2 Qy	165 -170
Central Lead Co.	100	May, '02, 2	2 -4
Cen. Coal & C. com.	100	June '02, 1/2 Mo	128 -135
" " pfd	100		68 1/2-68 1/2
Consol. Coal.	100	Jan. '02, 1	19 -19 1/2
Doe Run Min. Co	10	Mar. '02, 1/2 Mo	128 -135
Granite Bi-Metal	100	Nov. '01, 1	202 1/2-205
Hydraulic P. B. Cr	100		93 -98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48 -52
Kennard com.	100	Aug '01, 10 A	110 -115
Kennard pfd	100	Aug. '01, 3 1/2 SA	116 -120
Laclede Gas com	100	Mar. '02, 2	88 -99
Laclede Gas pfd.	100	Dec. '01, 2 1/2 SA	107 -108
Mo. Edison pfd.	100		44 -46
Mo. Edison com.	100		18 -18 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	100 -101
Schultz Belting.	100	Jan. '02, 2 Qy	97 -100
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Mar. '02, 6 A	159 -160
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. '02, 3 1/2 SA	143 -144
Simmons do 2 p.	100	Oct. '01, 4 SA	139 -142
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Mar. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	19 -21
St. L. Brew. pfd	10	Jan. '00, 2	66 -68
St. L. Brew. com	10	Jan. '99, 4	61 -62
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	55 -65
St. L. Transfer Co.	100	Feb. '02, 1 Qy	13 -16
Union Dairy.	100	Nov. '01, 2 Qy	115 -115 1/2
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '02, 2 Qy	600 -610
West'haus Brake	50	Mar. '01, 7 1/2	160 -200
" Coupler	100		46 -48

has an unsavory reputation. Small fellows like you should keep out of it. Earnings are large, judging by reports issued lately. The figures may be doctored, however, as they have always been in the past. Your remaining inquiry has been answered.

M. R. E.—The concern you mention is doubtful. All the good properties have been gobbled up. There is so much risk in purchasing stocks of this kind that uninformed outsiders have absolutely no excuse for venturing into them. You will make money by staying out. Let others burn their fingers. Read Mr. Raftery's article in this issue.

W. W. J.—Ont. & W. earns a very small surplus; not enough to allow of dividend payments. The stock has been fluctuating narrowly for many months. If you have ample margin, would recommend that you hang on to it. What you say about the other shares is quite true. Be not too confident, however.

E. H.—The trouble seems to be that there is too much liquidation by weary holders. Sometime ago, insiders gave intimations of a coming big rise. It was said that a strong pool had been organized in this city to boost the price. Since then there has been a constant decline. General opinion is unfavorable. Granite Bimetallic has been a grievous disappointment to thousands of people. The extremely low price of silver does not make the future look any too bright. Don't be fooled by occasional jumps.

GOT HER WORDS MIXED.

The story of a North end servant girl, who thought herself an emetic, has just come to light. She was recently taken suddenly ill, and an investigation by her mistress revealed the fact that the girl was suffering from an overdose of an emetic taken as the result of a mistaken notion of the meaning of the word "emetic."

"What is the matter," asked the mistress of her servant girl, a few days ago, when the latter showed signs of distress.

At first the girl could give no explanation of her condition, and only moaned as if in great agony. The mistress thought that perhaps the girl had taken something which was causing the trouble and directed her questions along that line.

"Well, Bridget, I am afraid that you have been taking something that you ought not," continued the mistress.

"Yis, mum," replied the penitent girl. "Oi joost took some midicin'. The perschripshun on the bottle said to take fifteen dhrops fur childhren, half av a tayspoonful fur an adoolt, and a tayspoonful fur an amitic. Yer knaw Oi knoo Oi wasn't a choild, nayther wus Oi an adoolt, so Oi t'ought that Oi must be an amitic, and so Oi took th' big dose."—*Colorado Springs Telegraph.*

Mrs. Green: "Miss Black and that Brown girl made themselves ridiculously prominent at the musicale last night. It was positively scandalous!" Mrs. White: "For Mercy's sake, what did they do?" Mrs. Green: "Do? They just sat there all the evening listening to the music, and never passed a word between them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

First-class attention given to purchasing and selling city real estate, making loans, collecting rents, appraising property and all such other matters.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. CORNER FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

ARE WE BOWLEGGED?

"Bowlegs are certainly on the increase," said a well known tailor, "and while it makes no particular difference in my line of business, we cannot help noticing it. What special reason is to be assigned for the increase in bowlegs is a question I am not prepared to answer. But, really, it does not require the experience of a tailor to establish the fact that bowlegs are more common now than ever before. Of course, the tailor, because of the measurements he is required to make, may notice things of this sort more readily than the men who are engaged in other walks of life. We have to measure a man's legs when an order for a suit of clothes is left, and we naturally notice the size and shape of the legs. Some time ago, my attention was directed to the matter by a man whose legs were just a little above the average when it comes to crookedness of this kind. I made up my mind that I would conduct a little study along this line. The results have surprised me. I have found that but very few men have straight legs—that is legs that are normally straight. The surprising fact about the matter is that in a majority of instances a billiard ball may be dropped between the calves of the legs.

"Knock knees are not uncommon, but this affliction, if it may be called such, is, I imagine, very largely a matter of inheritance. Bowlegs, in some instances, may be accounted for in the same way, but in a majority of instances they owe their existence to other causes. No doubt the habit of pushing boys of tender years out into the industrial field has much to do with it. Boys are forced out now before the joints of the limbs are hardened, and they are required to carry heavy loads and to do other things which are calculated to produce the results I have been discussing. There is no doubt in my mind about this practice being an important factor in the development of bowlegs. Of course, there may be other reasons for the conditions I have noticed. At any rate, there are more bowlegs now than ever before. You may have noticed it yourself. If you have not, it is because your attention has not been called to it, for one may see them on the highways if one will but take the trouble to look."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

TURNING A JOKE: "Some of those actors are too fresh," said the bald-headed party in the front row. "Yes," replied his companion, "but the gymnasts make up for it." "How's that?" queried the b. h. p. "Somer-sault," answered the other with a fiendish grin.—*Chicago News.*

CRAWFORD'S

ROOM MUST BE HAD FOR NEW FALL GOODS

Arriving Daily. All remaining Summer Stuff to go this week. Bargains all day and the balance of the Week at ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE.

Linens.

- 66-inch full bleached all-linen Table Damask—close weave—was 65c a yard—now.....49c
- 70 inch extra heavy all-linen Cream Table Damask, spot and floral designs—was 89c a yard—now.....69c
- One bale all-linen unbleached Stevens Crash Toweling, 18 inches wide—was 10c a yard—now.....7½c
- 75 full-size colored Crochet Bed-Spreads, with hand-tied fringes—were \$1 15 each—now.....85c
- One case full-size white Crochet Bed-Spreads, Marseilles designs, hemmed ready for use—were 98c each—now.....69c
- 15 Hemstitched Table Sets, cloth 8x10 size, with 1 dozen Napkins to match, all floral patterns—were \$5 00 per set—now.....\$3.89

Housekeeping Muslin and Sheetings.

- Bleached 9-4 Sheeting, soft finish, no dressing—a good sheeting for household use—were 22½c per yard—now—per yard.....17½c
- Bleached Muslin, fully yard wide, made of fine thread yarns—were 8½c per yard—now—per yard.....6¼c
- Ready-Made Pillow Cases, size 42x36—a good heavy muslin—no dressing—12½c each—now—each.....10c
- Bleached and Unbleached Canton Flannel, 27 inches wide—were 7½c per yard—now—per yard.....5c

Carpets and Rugs

We are still keeping up our advance sale of Fall Carpets and Rugs, and the prices are more startling than before. The quotations are but samples of our reductions:

- 75c a yard 9-wire Tapestry Brussels Carpets, this season's goods, for.....47½c
- \$1.10 a yard Wilton Velvet Carpets, in very swell color effects, with border to match.....82½c
- \$1.25 a yard Axminster Carpets, in all the rich Oriental and delicate colorings, for.....98c
- \$1.50 a yard finest grade Inlaid Linoleum, in tile and mosaic designs, for.....\$1.10

Men's Furnishings.

MONARCHS—Every Monarch Shirt in our stock cut for this great shirt sale to.....79c

All of our fine \$1.50 Madras Negligee Shirts (this lot consists of a good many dozen and includes some of the best patterns we have shown this year,) will be cut for this sale to.....\$1.19

Men's Fine Cambric Night Shirts, made without a collar, in plain white or trimmed, our regular 50c value, cut sale.....39c

While they last, we will let out about 500 pairs of the genuine Guyot Suspenders at the cut price of.....37c

BUY FOR BABY

One of those long Cloaks of which we have a fine assortment in Bedford Cords and Cashmeres, ribbon, lace and embroidery trimmed. These have been cut to exactly half price to make room for our fall stock.

From \$2.00 Up.

Sheet Music Specials.

VOGAL.

	Were	Now
Just Next Door—C. K. Harris.....	50c	18c
In the Good Old Summer Time.....	50c	18c
Josephine, My Jo.....	50c	18c
I Hates to Get Up Early in the Morn.....	50c	18c
The Mansion of Aching Hearts.....	50c	18c
On a Sunday Afternoon.....	50c	18c
Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home.....	50c	18c
Sammy.....	50c	18c
While the Convent Bells Were Ringing.....	50c	18c
The Maiden With Dreamy Eyes.....	50c	18c
Everybody Has a Whistle Like Me.....	50c	18c
When the Lilies of the Valley Bloom Again.....	50c	18c
When the Cold, Cold Wind Begins to Blow.....	50c	18c
In the Good, Old-Fashioned Way.....	50c	18c
After War Come Peace and Love—C. K. Harris.....	50c	18c
A Little Boy in Blue.....	50c	18c
I'll Be Your Rain Beau.....	50c	18c
My Water Lou.....	50c	18c
Just Kiss Yourself Good-Bye.....	50c	18c

INSTRUMENTAL.

Aunt Minerva Ann (Ragtime Two-Step).....	50c	18c
Creole Belles (March Two-Step).....	50c	18c
Dreamy Eyes (March Two-Step).....	50c	18c
Clorinda (March Two-Step).....	50c	18c
Under Two Flags (Waltz).....	50c	18c
The Mississippi Bubble (March Two-Step).....	50c	18c
Lazarre Waltzes.....	50c	18c
The Strollers (March Two-Step).....	50c	18c
Black Eyed Susan (Two-Step March).....	50c	18c
The Crimson Lily Waltz.....	50c	18c
Castle Square Waltzes.....	50c	18c
Echoes From Old Kentucky (March Two-Step).....	50c	18c
The Easy Winners (Ragtime Two-Step).....	50c	18c
Dame of the Frowsy Head.....	50c	18c
'Neath Southern Skies (March).....	50c	18c
Calanthe Waltzes.....	50c	18c

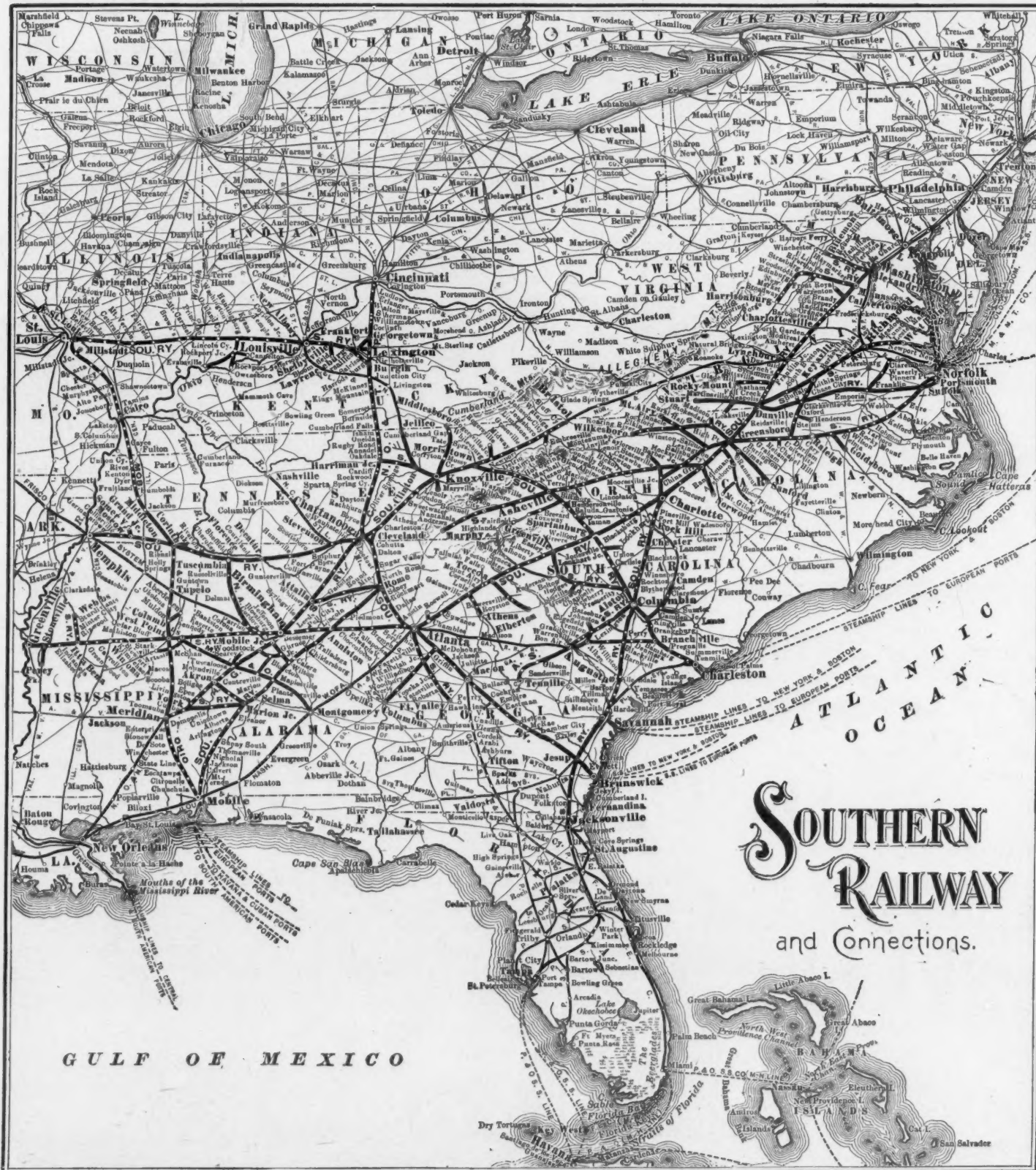
D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

The Mirror

THE MAP BELOW

Shows the South's Greatest Railway System.



It penetrates Eleven States and Reaches Every Commercial Center.

The Only Road to Asheville, in the Mountains of the Beautiful "Land of the Sky."

CITY TICKET OFFICE---719 OLIVE STREET.

The Mirror

Eureka Springs

During the Summer and Fall months, everything is at its best in

"THE TOP OF THE OZARKS."

It is a pleasant place, well suited for those desiring absolute rest, and equally well equipped for anyone wanting out-door exercise. Since the reopening of the Crescent Hotel, under its new management, and with its many additions and improvements, Eureka Springs presents a livelier appearance than ever before. It is but one night's ride from SAINT LOUIS, via the



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"THE KATY FLYER"

A Strictly Modern Train with Through Sleepers to

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Ticket Office, 520 Olive St.

